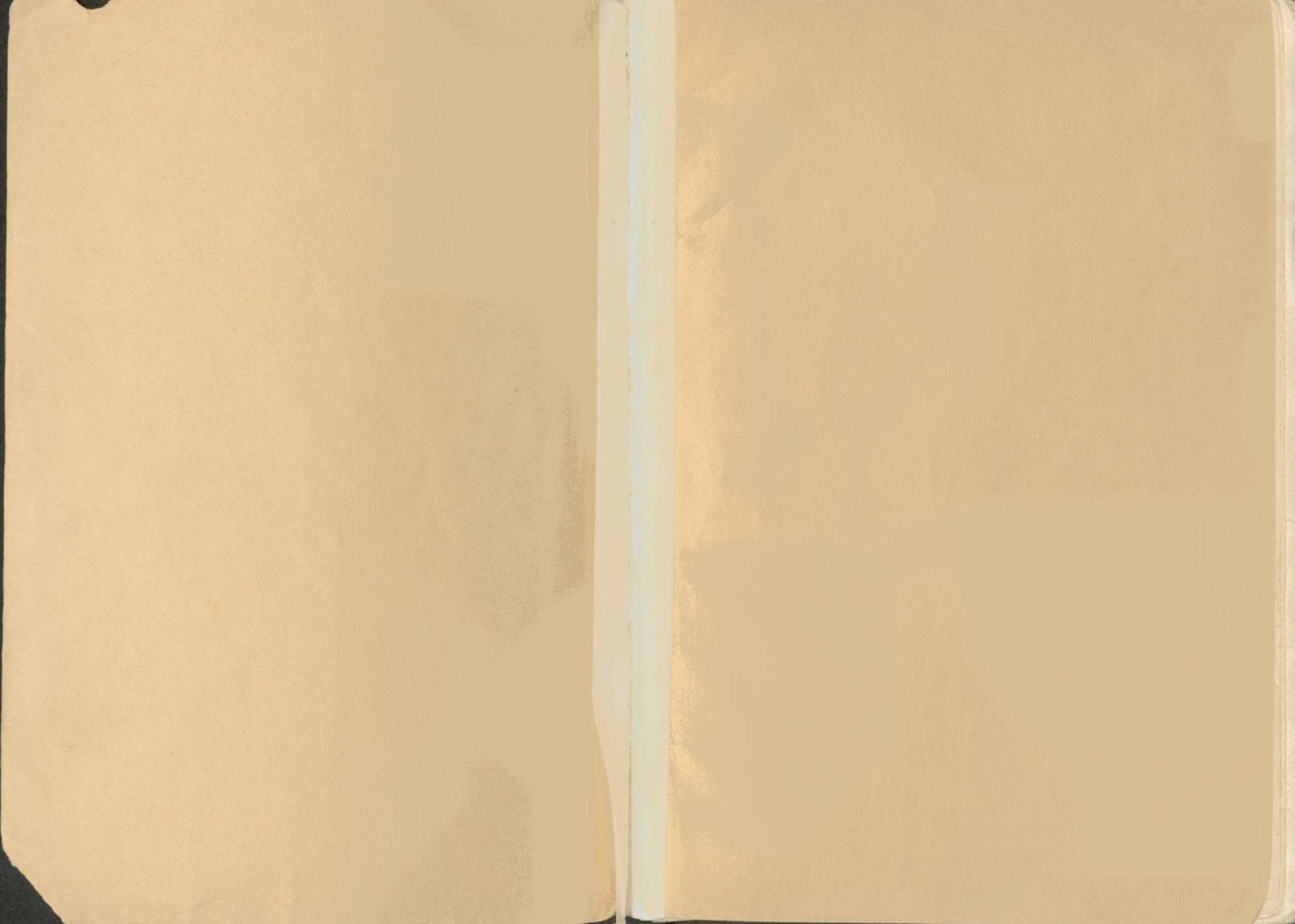




*The  
1930  
Anatolian*







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*The  
1930  
Anatolian*



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- VII *When Neophytes Write*
- VIII *Fest and Jollification*

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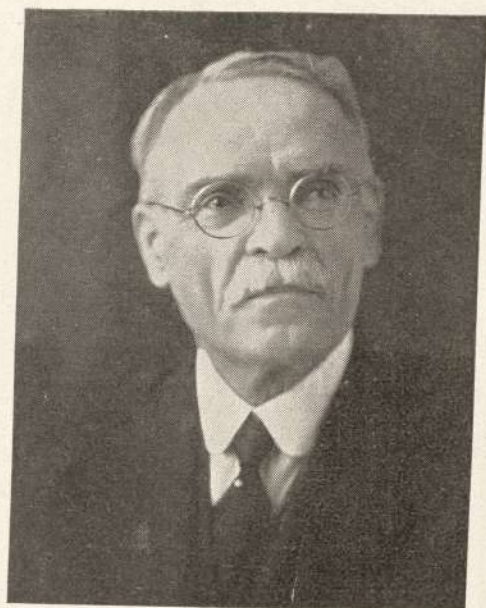
*Volume III  
Anatolia College  
Salonica, Greece  
June 1930*



### DEDICATION

To our dean Mr. Carl  
C. Compton, to whom  
we are indebted for  
the maintenance of  
high scholarship and  
fine athletic spirit, we,  
the student body, de-  
dicate this Anatolian  
of 1930.





Dr G. E. WHITE  
PRESIDENT



*Those at  
the Helm*  
1930





V. M. McGinness  
English



C. C. Compton  
Dean



J. Papastavrou  
Greek



M. C. Hine  
Science



N. Meydanis  
Com. Greek



Miss S. Nollen  
Science



H. A. Alojjan  
Armenian



W. C. Lamb  
English, Music



H. B. Graves  
Stenography, English  
Typewriting



O. J. Iatrides  
Bookkeeping, Sociology,  
Civics, History  
Geography



Mrs. R. Parr  
Sec. to the Pres.



V. Ioannides  
Bille



A. Pitsounis  
Greek



E. Vonder Muhll  
French

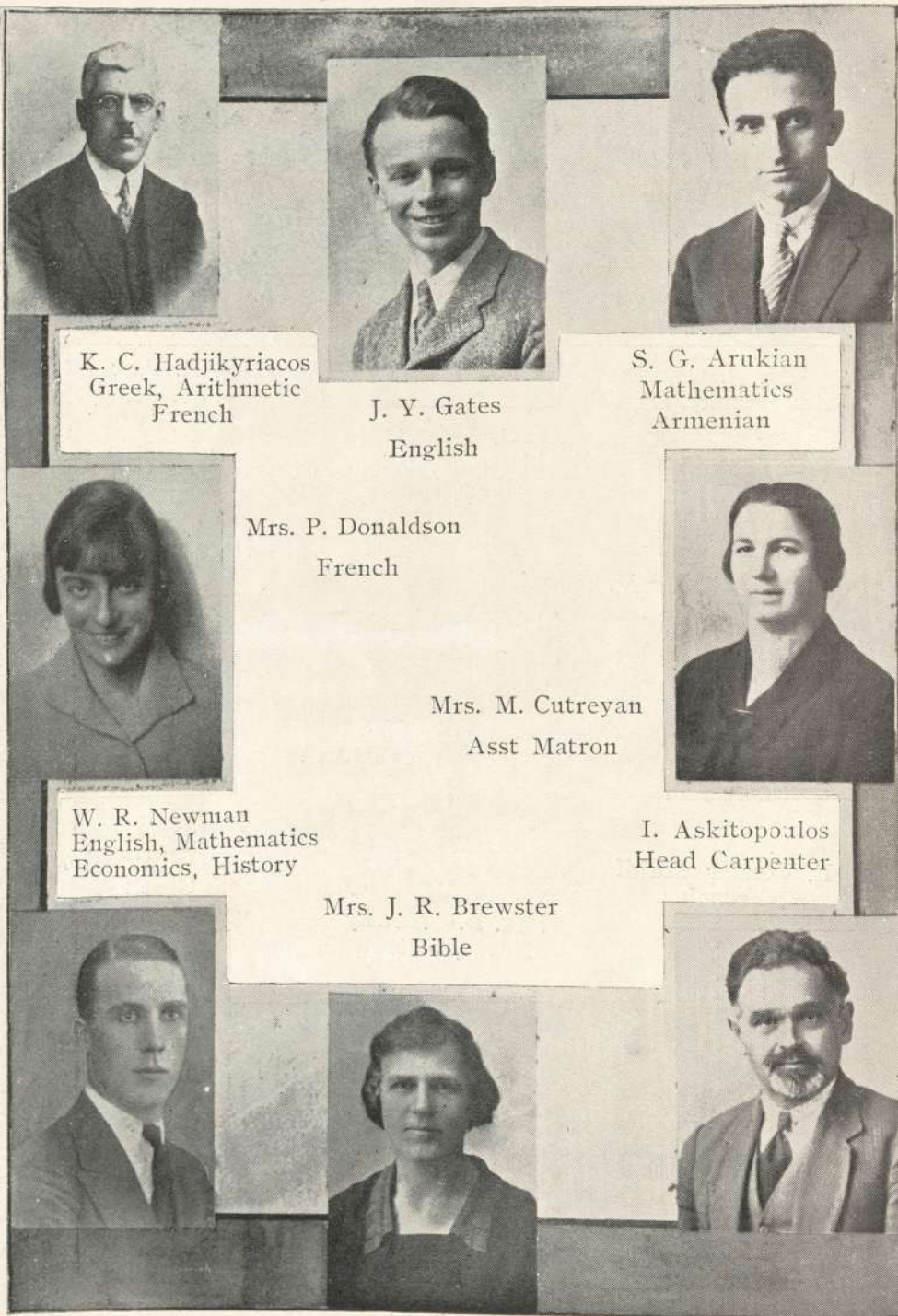


Mrs. L. C. Sewny  
Nurse, Matron



S. J. Deliyannides  
Greek





K. C. Hadjikyriacos  
Greek, Arithmetic  
French

J. Y. Gates  
English

S. G. Arukian  
Mathematics  
Armenian

Mrs. P. Donaldson  
French

Mrs. M. Cutrean  
Asst Matron

W. R. Newman  
English, Mathematics  
Economics, History

I. Askitopoulos  
Head Carpenter

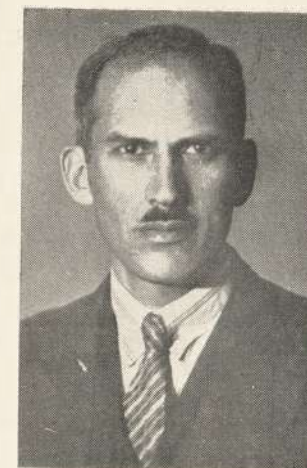
Mrs. J. R. Brewster  
Bible



C. Hurmuziades  
Steward



P. Ebeoghlu  
Office Secretary



G. Markoghlu  
Cashier



D. R. Getchell  
Treasurer



B. Benlian  
Asst. Cashier



## Editorial

### *Scripta Manent Verba Volent.*

The written remain and the spoken fly.... that is the law of nature. Life that is recorded lasts forever, but that which is not set down disappears just as a river flows into the ocean.

Those who have experience say that one's school life is his best life; and no doubt this is true. We may never again find beautiful experiences and adventures like the ones we have been having on the campus, in the classroom, in the dormitory, and dining-room. What then must we do to preserve these sweet memories of our school life? The Anatolians gave one solution long ago. It was decided to record our life in a beautiful book, the Anatolian, which will stand as a precious *souvenir* of the life, dreams, ideals, and education we had in Anatolia.

Verba volent but scripta manent. . . .

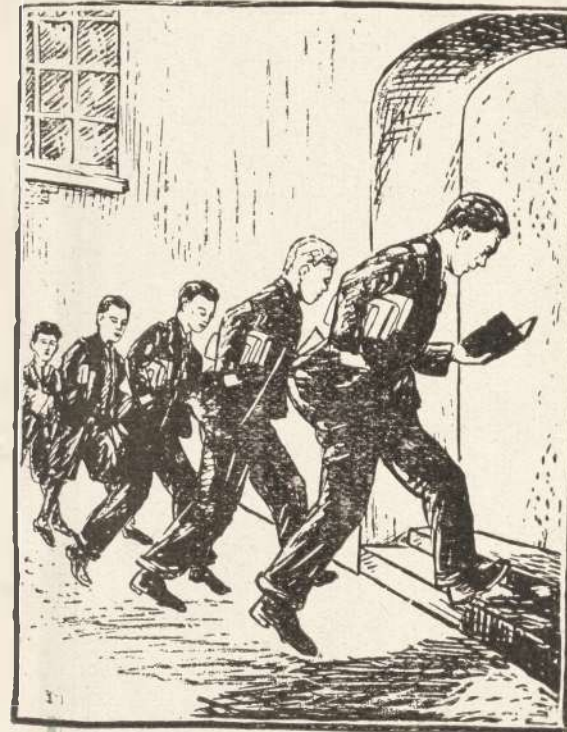
Har. Nicolaides  
Editor-in-chief

### *Acknowledgments*

In presenting a better and more artistic annual this year, we are very grateful to our faculty advisor Mr. Curtis Lamb, who with his constant help in finding advertisements, and by his many counsels helped our work greatly; to Mr. Russel Parr, who worked untiringly for the artistic appearance of the book.

We also thank Mr. Pitsounis, Miss Hanna Nollen, and Prof. Constantinides for their kind help. Thanks are due to Mr. Parachos Nystris, father of our Business manager, and to Mr. Emmanuel Dozes our printer.

The 1930 Anatolian Staff



*Those on the Ship*

1930



*The* SOPHMORE  
CLASS~  
1930



Abajoglou, D.



Adamichou, M.  
CLASS TREAS.



Baronian, H.



Christides, C.



Constantinides, C.



Costis, G.



Danelian, D.



Deirmenjian, G.



Demetriades, A.



Eleftheriades, S.



Emmanuelides, M.



Evmerides, V.

Anatolia College

CLASS MOTTO:

~"To be rather than  
to seem"~



Khacherian, K.



Kanetis, T.



Ioannou, S.



Donikian, A.



Mardrossian, T.



Magarian, H.



Kokkinides, V.



Kakavotis, A.



Stactopoulos, G.



Paraskevaides, E.

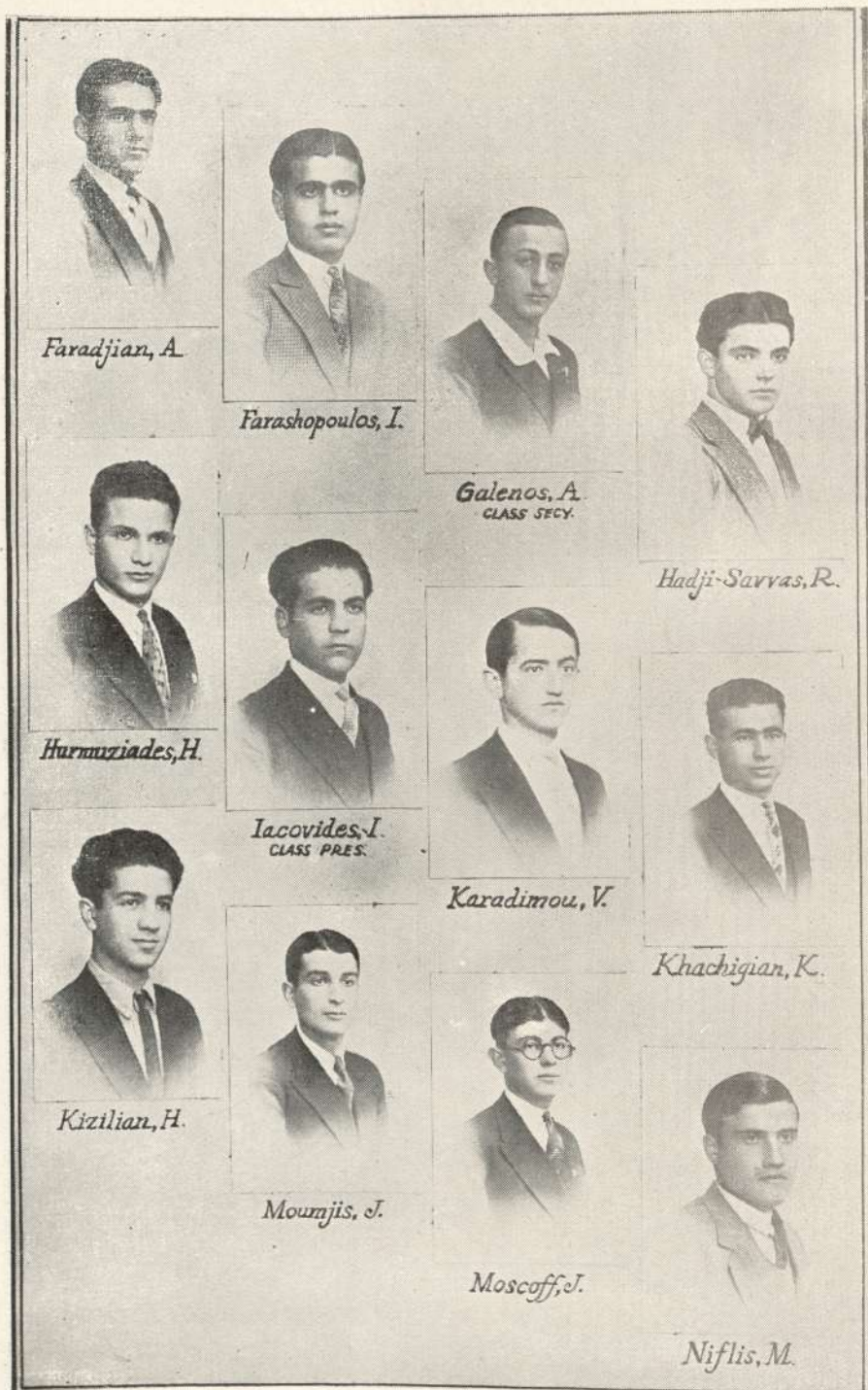


Nicolaidis, H.



Marashlian, H.





## Farewell Song

Music of "Auld Lang Syne"

Words By Aram Donikian

... Dear A--na-to-lia, we come now, When our fare-well is nigh, With jo-yous songs we

rev'rent bow, Our spirit is on high. Come on! pals, let us grasp hands, Whe-

ther on seas or lands, Anatolia, we'll remember thee-- Anatolia's sons are we.

The time has come, my dear classmates  
To sing our parting song,  
For soon we will await our fates  
On earth our lives prolong. Chorus...

Ho! Let the swift herald of light  
'Gainst dark fight on our side,  
Win victories for truth for right,  
Kindness with us abide. Chorus...

## The Graduates of 1930

"To be rather than to seem."  
Class Motto.

In what light is one to look at the class of '30? What are they after all? What is there for them to find out?

Well, I don't wish to keep back anything that I know of them. It is of them that I will speak, for I myself belong to the same class. Let us visit one of their class meetings for half an hour. The first thing you will notice and ask will be, "How many are they and of what nationalities?" I can tell you it comprises the largest class ever sent out into society as graduates of Anatolia College in Salonica. They include



about one fifth of all the student body, and represent two nationalities, Greek and Armenian.

Further, I can tell you that the class of '30 is the leading class in scholastic activities. In every extra-curricular organization you will see the majority of the officers from this class. If you want to find out for yourself, please turn a few pages of this book and read the names below the pictures of the clubs.

If you are interested in athletics, let me take you to the secretary of the Athletic Association. His records show the following:

1. The Class of '30 holds five records in track.
2. For two successive years in basketball the Class which has been crowned with victory has been the Class of '30.
3. It has six varsity players in football, and six in volleyball; and players in other games also.

As for the music, again the Sophomores come first. Some of the leading members of the chorus are from our class. Also without any hesitation one can say that Sophomores are the most important element in the instrumental music.

As you see, the class of '30 is rich in members, rich in musicians, and rich in good athletes, though I can not pledge that it is rich in wisdom; that you will have to find out from their acts later in society.

We have chosen Red and Blue as class colors, and adopted the college motto, "Morning Cometh", as well as the design of the official seal of the college as representing the ideals and the spirit of our beloved school.

Mr. Harold Graves, our class advisor, not only by his kind advice has helped us and devoted himself whole-heartedly to our cause, but it was only through his aid that the class of '30 was able to present Sophocles' "Antigone". We shall never forget such a friend and teacher.

As a memorial we have presented thirty-eight trees to the college, having in mind that trees are perhaps the best expression of our gratitude to our beloved Alma Mater.

Our work is near its end, and we have no particular work on hand, but we have our dreams. Dear Anatolia, please always cast a friendly eye when we are far from you.

J. Ch. Iacovides  
President

### *The class of 1931*

Before you read the history of our class, have a look at our pictures. Do you notice the freshness on our faces? Now we hope you see the word, "Freshman". Don't you?

We started in the race of this school life in 1925. Through the last four

years we have done the best we could. But the past is gone. Leave it alone.

The membership of our class has increased from eight to thirty-five, but now it has decreased to twenty-six. The number of different nationalities has also passed through the same process. This year we have thirteen Greeks, twelve Armenians, and one Russian.

The "Fourth Form Literary Club" of last year has been changed into a "Freshman class association" which is directed by a committee of five members and a class advisor, Mr. Gates. Our association works according to a constitution. The purposes of our association are; 1, to gain fluency and eloquence in speaking English; 2, to have an ideal, well organized class in the school; 3, to learn how to deal with one another. The first two great activities of our association were on the purchase of sweaters, and the giving of a literary and musical program on the thirtieth of January. Nobody, after having seen this program, can deny that the Freshman class has orators, declaimers, singers, humorists, violinists and actors. Later we shall show you pianists and poets also. Come to the classroom and see our scientists, mathematicians, teachers and historians. As regard our athletes, we can boast a few of them, too. Why, if you have not had the privilege of seeing our "Astrapi", "Averoff", "Therio", and the other athletes who are on the varsity teams, you had better hurry and do so!

The roar of the sea and the warbling of the bird in the chorus belong to Freshman boys.

We have many members on the different committees of student organizations. If you do not believe look it up and see if we are not right.

We are very optimistic for the coming year, for we hope to see our "Carcassone" during the course of our "half-foolishness" (Sophomore year).

M. Kolsoulian  
President

### *The Class of '32*

Our class has but four years history and experience. Its beginning dates back to the year 1926 when a group of boys not more than 15 in number set its foundation. In the first and second year of our history, no event of significance is recorded.

But in the school year of 1928-29, a remarkable progress could be noticed among our boys. The fog in the horizon against the brilliance of the sun yielded. The first outstanding event was the interclass football championship, which was so wisely won, by the cooperative work of our players.

As the days passed by, another victory was recorded in our history. Termirloghlou became first in the Greek declamation contest and Edjuria first in the Armenian. Meanwhile our boys showed a conspicuous ability in various athletic meets and games. It is due to the athletic genius of our boys, that we succeeded in winning for the first time the interclass pentathlon, an event which took place for the first time in our college.

At present, our class consists of 27 members, out of which 16 are Greeks, 10 Armenians and one Albanian. Some of these boys are athletes, some musicians, still others actors and poets.

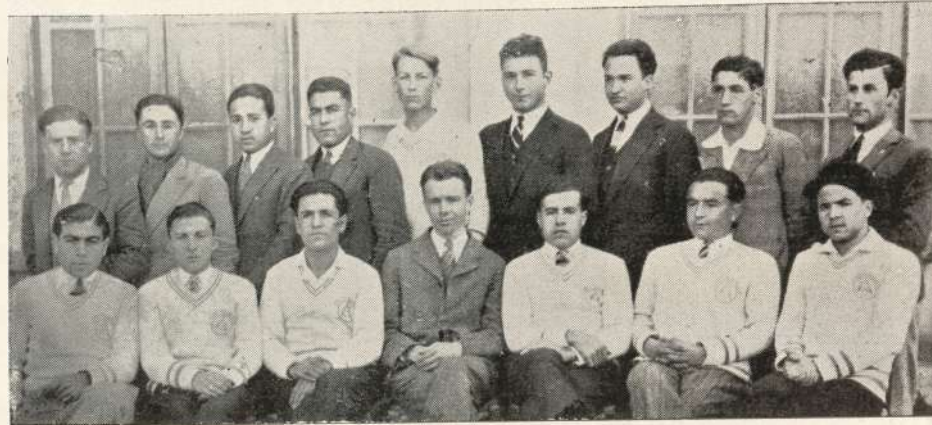
There is always a closeness between the members so that all our class activities are carried out by the assistance and cooperation of our boys. This is the reason why we have created a good atmosphere among our boys. Of course if such useful means are adopted for the promotion of a class, then it is obvious to infer the useful results of it. One outcome of this may be considered our bi-monthly magazine, "The Echo of our Class", which is published by the council of our organization.

So goes the class of '32, with new proposals in mind. Look us over and judge for yourself.

Hovig Etyemezian  
President



## *Freshmen*



Left to Right front row: Kyroglou, Xystris Secretary, Kolsouzian President, Mr. Gates, Marganian, M. Eliades, Costas Christides.

Back row: Topalian, Shahrighian, Broun, Lazarides, Mengrellis, Karyaclis, Vlachos, Papazian.



Left to right front row: Papalazarou, Garabedian, Toshjian, Cambouropoulos, Roghourian Treasurer, Charalambides.

Back row: Yacoubian, Seferoghlu, Papademetriou, Saxonianoglou, Tatoulia.

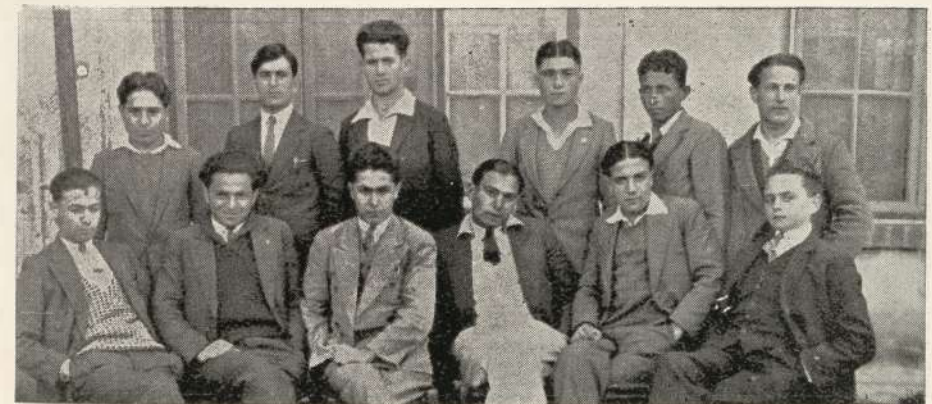
## *Fourth Form A*



Left to right front row: G. Gemenetjis Secretary, Eojurian, Hovsepian, Hrair Etyemezian, Mr. Lamb, M. Kalendarian, Kolonya, Musurlian.

Back row: Chakalian, N. Gemenetjis, Djedjizian, Papastavrou, Hovig Etyemezian President, Elthivoulis, Velisarides, H. Ioannides.

## *Fourth Form B*



Left to right front row: Sidropoulos, I. Eliades, Sarafides, V. Ioannides, Hadjisavvas, Syndicas.

Back row: Nersessian, Triantaphillides, S. Mavrides treasurer, Brousalian, Koulingas, Gaitandjis.



### *Third Form A*



Left to right back row: Michaelides G, Partoujian, Zambakjian, Theodorides, Misirlis, Patkas, Kavoukdjian Markarian, Retahian.

Front row: Maniatis L., Michaelides C, Baronvartian, Miss Nollen S, Dombalian, Tozalakian, Charitou.

### *Third Form B*



Left to right back row: Pavlides George, Emmanuel, Lambrou, Papadopoulos P., Tsamisis, Tchekerides, Saghibazarian, Djaferis, Arzoglu, Giragossian, Pavlides Alkeos, Baghrozian.

Front row: Papayannis, Bulgarides, Linkas, Miss Nollen, Sarafopoulos, Pazi-onis, Dermargossian, Metaxas.

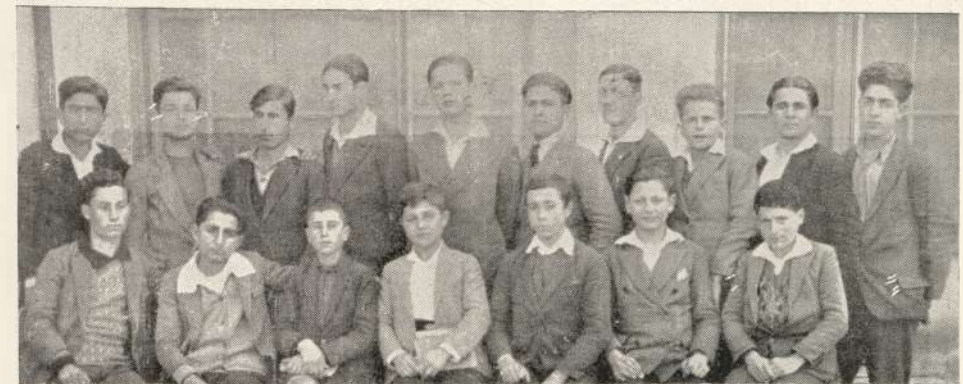
### *Second Form A*



Left to right back row: Boradjis, Adamjiloghlu, Kiokhassoghlu, Sianos, Marinjoghlu, Jenazian, Tashjian.

Front row: Tambouras, Alvanos, Zelveyan, Hadjopoulos, Bedoyan, Levites, Cavouris.

### *Second Form B*



Left to right back row: Kapoudjian, Shimavonian, Papazian, Kalfoghlu, Couvaras, Kalopoulos, Flengas, Balian, Kizilian G.

Front row: Kulenderian Sh., Sareyan, Rammos, Be lrossian, Chrysafis, Vavatsoulas, Stenimachites.



### *First Form*



Left to right back row: Howell, Kouzondjakoghlu, Nicolaides Pel., Vasilou, Bekos, Abadjoghlu N, Mavrides Alexander.

Front row: Hadjinicolaou, Kargopoulou, Athanasiades, Prof. Pitsounis, Doghramajian, Mavranjas, Panagos.

### *Preparatory Class*



Left to right back row: Tokatloghlu, Gregoriades, Kateris, Anastasiades, Ketchajian, Theodorides Ch., Keshishian, Raphaelides, Charalambides St.

Middle row: Tsioukas, Tsakires, Abrahamian, Pavlides, Pangalos, Hadjiantoniou, Stephanides.



Front row: Keylos, Tsitsinikas, Avramides.



*School for Girls*

1930




Miss B. Morley  
Principal

Prof. M. Krikis, Greek

Miss H. Nollen, English





Prof. X. Constantinides,  
Greek


Miss Mary Hill  
Domestic Sciences

Mrs. Donaldson, French

Miss Doris Roberts  
Social Sciences







Mr. H. Scheider,  
Physical Culture

Mrs. M. Scheider,  
Gymnastics

Miss K. Salamani,  
Sewing

Miss A. Phoca, Piano

Miss S. Vasilopoulou,  
Secretary

Mme. C. Duca,  
Matron





## Ninth Class



Irene Schena, Efimia Kokkinou, Anna Abbet,  
Angeliki Thomaidou, Nina Chakiri, Calliope Hadjinota, Efimia Stergiou,  
Margarita Mihailidou.  
Anastasia Koukuli, Athena Tomson, Louise Syndica, Miss Morley, Soutana Ni-  
colaidou, Despina Gonnaridou, Argyroula Varella.  
Katie Raftopoulou, Phopho Zoton, Armine Moulhian, Eugenie Ohanessian, Ma-  
rina Honbraki, Vera Tamboura, Sophia Partheni, Ariadne Pandazidou.  
Motto: The Soul's ornament, Virtue.  
Officers: President, Soutana Nikolaidou; Vice President, Louise Syndica; Sec-  
retary, Nina Chakiri; Treasurer, Calliope Hadjinota.

## Class History

It was the fifteenth of September in 1926 when the American Girls' School opened its gates to welcome our class. We knew neither the girls, the school, nor the English language. The organizations and activities were all new to us then.

The first year we were divided into two groups according to our preparation in Greek. The next year we were united, until five of our number were promoted to the eighth class. Our class of twenty-seven was then the largest in the school. When we moved up to the eighth year, we began to take part in all the school activities and to make ourselves useful in many different ways.

This year there are twenty-two in our class, four of whom were promoted from the eighth class, and one who returned to school this fall after a year's absence. Our purpose is to tighten the bands of love and on this foundation to erect the excellent works of altruism and cooperation. Soon our history will end, and we shall be far from the school that has helped us in many, many ways and to which we are all deeply thankful.

## Class Prophecy

When I was flying from London to Athens, after delivering one of my famous lectures on the Greek Dance, I met Nina and Soutana, just returning from a world tour by aeroplane. They were much interested in all the news I gave them about our classmates. Phopho was spending much of her time teaching English poems to the children of her friends Efimia S., Athena, and Margarita, and Eugenia was her favorite modern poet. Margarita was busy at her home cooking tomato soup, while Marina, the missionary, was preaching to the natives of Africa. Anastasia was on her way to Paris to visit Efimia S., where Despoina was waiting for the next ship to sail to America.

As we were flying along we tuned in the radio and got Vienna. We were delighted to hear the announcer say, "The next number is a duet by the Misses Tamboura and Pandazidou with Miss Partheni at the piano." After that we turned to Milan and heard the famous trio, Angeliki, piano; Efimia, cello; and Armine, violin. They were traveling from one station to another to give concerts.

When we arrived at Athens, a very tall woman came to meet us. Who was the giant? What! Katie? She had taken medicine to grow tall and was now two and a half meters! She told us that Irene and Anna had gone to study conditions in India, and that Calliope, after five busy years as a member of the Greek Cabinet, was traveling around the world on donkey back. And last, Roula had written a famous play which Louise was then acting in Vienna with wonderful success.

★★

## Gifts To The Seniors

Athena: Potatoes to help her grow fat. Marina: More people to imitate. Phopho: Some poems to recite. Louise: Films to take photos of her friends. Margarita: Longer days for embroidering bags. Efimia C.: An auto to take her to Paris. Efimia S. Improvement in her gymnastics. Calliope: Debates for her to argue on. Nina: A barrel of ink. Eugenie: All the summer sunshine. Angeliki: An alarm clock to wake her for breakfast. Sophia: Long fingers. Ariadne: Balls and dances. Irene: A Bible.



Katie: A cigarette paper to make her taller. Anastasia: Some literature books to learn by heart. Armine: Inspirations for writing. Roula: Chances to argue in Ethics. Despoina: High heels to reach the electric lights. Soultana: Some algebra problems to solve. Vera: Balls and dances all the time. Anna: Consent to go to India.

★★

### *Gifts To The Teachers*

To Miss Morley: a bookcase full of books for her to read.  
 To Miss Roberts: Great talent in piano.  
 To Miss Hill: Some more smiles.  
 To Miss Nollen: Some more handkerchiefs for her cold.  
 To Mme. Duca: A lorgnette instead of the broken one she has.  
 To Miss Sophia: Something to make her curly hair straight.  
 To Miss Katina: A Notebook to keep zeros in.  
 To Mrs. Donaldson: A little severeness in her marks.  
 To Miss Phoca: A metronome to help her pupils keep time.  
 To Mrs. Scheider: A megaphone to help make her commands heard.  
 To Mr. Scheider: An auto to help him come on time.  
 To Prof. Constantinides: Some more rest.  
 To Prof. Krikis: A little seriousness.

★★



### *Eighth Class*



Top Row: Amalia Hadjigregoriou, Vasiliki Liakou, Zoe Karadji, Aphroditi Kokkinou, Polixeni Balla, Margarita Christodoulou, Despina Antoniou, Vasiliki Tecktonidou.  
 Second Row: Penelope Kazandjoglou, Semeli Varda, Miss Roberts, Angelikoula Zoidou, Mary Roussou.  
 Front Row: Suzanne Schank, Maro Karajosifidou, Lena Maniati, Marika Mouza, Amalia Angelou, Vasiliki Sourvanidou.

### *Seventh Class*



Top Row: Noyenie Manashian, Anastasia Koniordou, Christina Papa, Evangelia Margaritou, Chariklia Grizagoridou, Lefki Nerandji, Emilia Theodoridou, Danae Nikita.  
 Second Row: Clarisse Gattegno, Evdokia Anagnostidou, Armonia Amarantidou, Eleftheria Styliou, Popy Tsiolika, Nitsa Vaniri, Daisy Benveniste, Mary Papathanasiou, Soua Deirmendjian.  
 Third Row: Nafsika Soteriadou, Verkin Sarkisian, Zoe Mihailidou, Miss Nollen, Elizabeth Gouta, Theano Tiriki, Athamandia Kotrotsopoulou.  
 Front Row: Valentine Eheoghlu, Despina Kanari, Kaiti Varvery, Calliope Papadaki, Smaro Hadjimichael, Ecaterine Tsolaki, Zabel Serailarian, Lefki Karadimou.



## First Special



Louise Leondiadou, Penelopi Congalidou, Elly Tzelepoglou,  
Marika Orologa, Elly Doula  
Marica Rodidou, Pavlina Arapoglou, Evdoxia Markou, Mary Zanetou, Marina  
Koniordou, Vasiliki Nicolaidou, Ethel Ebeoglou, Alexandra Vamvali,  
Alexandra Tsolaki, Arshalouis Mordjikian,  
Julia Stromboulis, Evangelia Bitsikanou, Sotiria Alexiadou, Georgia Cacoulidou,  
Miss Hill, Rita Cleopa, Evangelia Vasilikou, Neni Cleopa, Elly Georgiadou,  
Victoria Syndica, Kassiani Roikou, Angeliki Torosi, Sapfo Anastassiadou, Roxani  
Petrovitz, Valasia Anagnostidou, Sophia Gavrielidou, Popy Hadjiyanni.

## Glee Club



Vasiliki Liavou, Angelikoula Zoidou, Angeliki Thomaidou, Louise Syndica, Des-  
pina Gounaridou, Evangelia Margaritou, Semeli Varda, Margarita Mihailidou,  
Efimia Stergiou, Margarita Christodoulou,  
Theano Tirike, Mary Zaneti, Ariadne Pantazidou, Miss Morley, Sophia Par-  
theni, Vera Tamboura, Argyroula Varella.



## 1930 Anatolian Staff

Soultana Nicolaidou, Valentine Ebe-  
oglou, Semeli Varda, Argyroula Varella,  
Sophia Gabrielidou.



## DRAMATIC CLUB





### *Christian Efforts Club*

Beside our purpose of learning, we thought there were others that we ought not to neglect. So we formed a society with the purpose of helping others. We meet every Tuesday afternoon after school to exchange ideas and discuss plans.

Our work is to help poor orphan children, to give them a happy time, and to share with them what we possess. We have two classes of children. The first is made up of those from four to seven years old. Some of us sacrifice our rest and pleasure and come every Saturday morning to play with these children and teach them games and songs, little poems, and many other things which amuse them.

Other girls gave charge of the higher class of children from seven to ten years old, who go to school. They help them get their lessons and teach them needful and pleasant things. To complete our plan for this work we need money, and each member gives a part of her spending money to the treasury. Besides this we give concerts, dramas, and such things to earn money. We put all our efforts into this work, and we feel a great satisfaction, because we see that our work has good results.

*WJ*

### COOKING CLASS



Back Row; Angeliki Thomaïdou, Louise Syndica, Caliope Hadjinota, Athena Tomascu, Miss Hill, Sultana Nicolaidou, Nina Chakiri, Efinia Cokkinou, Front Row: Ef. Stergion, Arg. Varella, A. Mechlian, Eug. Ohanessian

Oh,  
What

UP-HILL Work

Joy when  
Cooking comes!  
Watch your fingers  
And your thumbs. Put your  
Aprons on just right. Stir and  
Beat with all your might. Scrambled  
Eggs and frosted cake; Soup enough to make  
A lake; Meat balls browned just to a turn. Oh!  
Don't let the cocoa burn! Lunch enough to feed the town;  
Watch it fly when we sit down. Joys must end; no use to tuss  
Last of all - CLEAN UP THE MUSS!



Top. Row: Irene Schena, Anastasia Koukoli Anna Abbott, Miss Hill Mariana Hondraki, Ariadne Pantazidou, Vera Tamboura.  
Front Row: Des. Gounaridou, P. Zotou, K. Snptopoulou, Sep. Partheni.



## Marks

By Nina Tsakiri

"Nina, get up quickly! It is almost time for the breakfast bell, and you are still in bed. Come, hurry up!"

"No, I'm not going to breakfast today. I'm not hungry at all, and I'm so sleepy!"

"What? Not going to breakfast? Do you think you haven't enough marks now without getting five more?"

"What did you say? Marks for not going to breakfast, too? Goodness! What will be the end of this? marks for whispering in class, marks for being noisy in the dormitory after the last bell, marks for going to class through the reception room, and now, five marks for not going to breakfast! Marks, marks, marks for everything!"

Since this new marking system began, each teacher comes to class with a small notebook which she opens as soon as she sits down at the desk. At first, only the teachers had notebooks, but lately we have seen the magic books appear in our matron's hands, and Miss Sophia has another for the names of the girls who bother her in the office.

I have one suggestion to make. The management of the school must make a sacrifice, and give a notebook to the gardener to report the girls who walk beyond the garage, or those who step into the garden and harm the flowers.

It would not matter so much if the marks should count only in conduct, but twenty marks take away permission to go shopping for a month. Forty marks take away both shopping and week-end permissions for a month, and one has to stay in school a whole month without going out at all. And it has been proved that when you lose permission to go out that then the best films are sure to be put on at the movies. I am sure I have enough marks to make me lose my shopping soon. This is what I will do. Today is Friday. I did not have in mind to go out this week; but who knows how many marks will be added to my old ones by next Saturday with this new system? So I'll ask permission to go out tomorrow and see that famous film put on at the "Palace."





## *Grandmother*

By Ariadne Paulazidou

I love my grandmother best of all in the world. I should be very glad if you could make her acquaintance. But because she is far away from Greece and that is impossible, I should like to describe her to you.

My lovely grandmother is about seventy-three years old. Her hair literally looks like snow, and her face and hands are full of wrinkles. She has blue eyes and a small mouth with few teeth in it. All her features are regular. She is tall and weak but notwithstanding that she has a good appetite!

Her speech is as slow as her gait. She works with the help of a stick, upon which she leans. Her appearance is venerable and good. Although she is old, everybody looking at her can tell that she was a beautiful woman in her youth.

Her kindness is indescribable. The smile never leaves her lips. She wears always black. Her dresses are long and full, and her hat is black with feathers on it. When she goes out, she carries a bag with her, which is made of black silky cloth, embroidered, in which she always carries her cigarettes.

The best stories that I ever heard are my grandmother's stories. She tells them so interestingly that I wish to hear them all the time.

★ ★

## *The Wings of death*

By Margarita Mihailidou

I remember it as if it happened yesterday. It was a cold Saturday morning in December when my father came to awake us as usual. It was just eight years ago. But instead of seeing the happy face of our father we saw him sad, and we shall never forget his sorrowful voice as he said to us, "There is no school today." We all jumped up happily when we heard this and asked, "why?"

"Last night your grandfather died."

When we heard this we looked at each other's faces, wondering. Quickly we got up, washed our faces, and ran to our

grandfather's room. There we stopped at the scene we saw. Our dear grandfather, dressed in his black suit, was lying on his bed. On his face was spread the paleness of death. His eyes were closed and would not open again. His lips were white and would never again tell the beautiful stories which we liked so much. Two candles were burning, one by the bed, the other at his feet. Near him my mother was sitting with a sad face and tears in her eyes. When she saw us she embraced us and said, "Grandfather has left us and has gone to find his daughter. He will not tell you the funny stories that he used to tell." Then she turned her face to him. I could not stop my tears; my sisters, too, were crying.

A deep silence was there in that room, and we could understand that Death had spread out his funeral wings.

★ ★

## *The Wish*

By Sophia Parthenis

Once in a small village lived a very poor widow who had a daughter about ten years old. She was very beautiful, but the most beautiful thing she had was her long fair hair which looked like gold. One day her mother gave her a basket with some laces and embroideries, and told her to go to the rich houses to sell them, so she took the basket and went.

In these houses she saw so many rich and beautiful things that she became jealous. When she had sold all her embroideries and was returning home, she passed through the forest. Here she lay down on the roots of an old oak tree to rest herself. She was very sad thinking about the beautiful things she had seen. "If I could only have some of these lovely things!" she said.

At this moment a fairy appeared and asked her, "What is the reason for your sadness?"

"I wish I could have just a few of the beautiful things that I saw today in the rich people's houses," she answered.

"But you don't need them because you are beautiful. Still, if you really want them I can give them to you."

"I do, I do," said the little girl merrily.

"Go to that willow tree where you will find a beautiful



palace, where live many nereids. Ask them what you wish, and they will give it to you," said the fairy.

The little girl went into the palace which was so shining that her eyes were blinded. When she told the nereids her story, they showed her the most beautiful things in the world. "But I don't have money to buy them," said the little girl, sadly.

"You don't have money," said the fairies, "but you have your long, fair hair, which is worth more than money. I will give you one beautiful thing in exchange for each hair."

The little girl agreed and, without thinking, because of her great joy, she gave all her hair in exchange for the pretty things. Then all the nereids passed by her one by one, looking at her ironically. When they had all gone, she took a mirror to look at herself. When she saw her reflection she began to shout and cry, "Oh! Ah! What shall I do now? Please, good fairy, give back my hair and my beauty."

At this moment she got up and touched her hair, and it was all there. She had just wakened from a dream, but she decided that in the future she would be satisfied with the things that she had.

★★

## *A Battle with the Mice*

By Calliope Hatjinota

I heard shouting, running, jumping, and I rushed upstairs to see what was wrong. A funny and surprising scene was before me. Little mice were nimbly running everywhere in search of holes, some leaping into cupboards, some leaping out. Meanwhile the girls gave out piercing shrieks, or mourned over hats and dresses gnawed by the wicked mice.

As I entered the room, suddenly one of the mice hopped into my friend's cupboard. I began to turn everything upside down in order to discover it. As I lifted up her hat, it jumped into my pocket. I, who two minutes ago had been so brave and laughed at the other girls, began to shout very loudly. Now it was the turn of the other girls to laugh at me. Seeing this, I bravely struck my pocket with a stick. The mouse jumped out and ran into my dormitory. Now I had to be brave indeed, and

defend the girls of my dormitory, who at once hid their heads. I was the monitor, and had the responsibility!

At first we played tag. I ran after the mouse, trying to step on it; but that was impossible. Then I took a shoe and cast it at the mouse. I hurt it, but it ran off again. The first blow was followed by three others that made it dizzy. Now it could only walk very slowly. I hit it once more, and it lay dead.

Oh! what rejoicing! All the girls, seeing my achievement, came out of their beds and took me upon their shoulders, showing their gratitude because I had delivered them from a terrible enemy. When the other mice saw their friend killed, they hid themselves and never came out again.

★★

## *Miss Hellas Becomes Miss Europe*

By Argyroula Varela

"Girls! News! News! Happy news!"

"What? What's happened?"

"Don't you know? Haven't you heard?"

"Oh! Tell us! We are so impatient! Don't torture us!"

"The whole of Greece is celebrating the election of Miss Hellas as Miss Europe!"

It was Semeli that told us the happy news Thursday morning in the street car. We were so surprised, so glad, that we couldn't say anything at first. We stood astonished, our mouths and eyes wide open.

"Miss Hellas Miss Europe?"

Oh! I didn't dare to imagine or dream such a thing before, although in the depths of my heart I was very proud of Greek beauty, and I was thinking that it was right for us to triumph some day.

When we got off the car we bought a newspaper which had a beautiful big picture of Miss Europe on the first page. Semeli and Jenny put me between them and I began to read out loud.

"The triumph of Greek beauty!"—"She is like Venus of Milo, like Phidias' statue"—



Oh! how proud, how joyful we were! When we arrived at school, we found all the girls in such excitement and joy as I can hardly describe to you so I think it is better to leave it to your imagination.

★★

## *The Invalids*

By Polyxeni Balla

Oh! the bed is so lovely, warm, and comfortable in winter. When the dormitories are dark and cold, you hear murmurs of displeasure from everywhere. The rising bell.

"Oh, how shall I get up?"

"Don't get up."

"Don't get up? Impossible! The rule says—"

"Hm! Say that you are sick."

"Sick? Oh, yes, that's a fine idea, but I feel perfectly well. I don't have a thing that matters with me except that I hate to get up when it's cold."

"This displeasure that you feel troubles you, and every trouble is a sickness. Isn't it so?"

"It sounds right, but I can't stay in bed with a clear conscience."

This doctrine was accepted by so many girls that the infirmary was full. The newer invalids had to stay in their own dormitory. The matron comes in.

"What is the trouble, my dear?"

"I am a little sick—not serious—just a little sick."

"If your sickness is not serious, I think you can get up. You seem well enough to me."

"No, I am very sick, but I mean I don't need a doctor and medicines. But I am very sick."

The matron calls the principal who comes immediately. "Oh! how many sick girls we have! Poor girls, I am sure it is because of the terrible weather. Don't you think it would be good for them to take a little castor oil?"

"Castor oil!" The terror of the girls!

Nothing can save us now. Neither can we bear to get up early, nor can we stay in our beds unless we drink castor oil.

★★

## *The Doctor's Bargain*

By Ecaterine Tsolaki

In a village near Saloniki lived a doctor who had made money in his profession, but thinking that farmers earned still more, he wanted to be a farmer, too, without leaving his own work. A friend agreed to plant some fields with wheat, and also to buy some sheep.

When the wheat ripened, the doctor needed a donkey to carry it to the market. So one day he took his son and went to town to buy a donkey. When the men in the market saw him coming, they said, "Oh! this is a doctor, and he hasn't any idea of animals. Now is the time to sell our donkey at a good price. Because the donkey was very old, they took some horse flies and put them on the donkey's body. So he began to bray and dig the ground with his feet, and run back and forth in all directions, shaking his ears and his tail to drive the flies away.

The doctor said to his son, "I think that this donkey is just what we need for our work. Let us buy him." He paid a high price and went away satisfied. The next day his son rode the donkey to their village, but now that the donkey was free from flies he almost stopped walking. It was six miles to the village, and it took the boy almost six hours to reach there. The boy hurried to his father and said, "Father, since yesterday morning our donkey has been very lazy, and I haven't heard him sing once, like other donkeys. His ears hang down, and I am afraid that he is sick."

They sent for a donkey doctor who said, "Your donkey needs a long rest. You must feed him with soup, because he hasn't any teeth, don't you see? And he is so old that he can't work any more."

The doctor was very angry because he had lost all his money; but he learned the lesson not to try to do work that he was not trained to do.

★★

## *What is Life?*

By Vasiliki Sourvanie

Life is an endless line  
Of happening things;  
But, although it pains,  
And although it disappoints,  
Still it holds joy and love.



## Εκδρομή

(Μαρ. Παπαθανασίου)

Τές κατάρυτες πλαγιές και την κορυφή του βουνού κορβούν  
άλλον πυκνά άλλου αραιά σύννεφα γροίζα! εξακολουθούμε την ανάβη-  
ση! ο αέρας γίνεται δρασεριώτερος, είναι το βουνό με το άρωμα του θη-  
μαριού, της αγριοσίγανης και τον καθαρόν αέρα, . . . ψηλότερα ά-  
κούγονται σφρυγίγματα τσιμποπάνηδων και τη σιγαλιά του δάσους δια-  
κόπτουν κονδονίσματα γιδιών, που χωμένα μέσα τους βάνουν και  
τα κλαδιά βόσκουν και στο διάβα μας προβάλλουν που και που α-  
νήσχη το κεφάλι τους με πεφουρνια . . .

"Όσο αναβαίνουμε τόσο και η φύσις γίνεται αγριότερη. θεωράτες  
χαστανιές ανοίγουν τα πελώρια κλωνάρια τους προς τον ουρανό . . .  
ο αέρας είναι μυρωμένος. . . . δίνει ζωή. Σε λίγο αφήνουμε το δά-  
σος κι' αναβαίνουμε από ένα πετρώταπο, που του δίνουν λίγη ζωή το  
νάχα και το αγριολούλουδα και η βουνίσια πρσιανάδα, που σκεπάζει με-  
ρικους βράχους επάνω σε όλα ξαπλώνεται μια ηρεμία απέραντη, υπο-  
βλητική. . .

"Υστερα από τρεις ώρες δρόμο, κάπως κουραστικό, φτάνουμε  
στην κορυφή! Το θέαμα είναι ανώτερο από κάθε περιγραφή! ο ορι-  
ζών ανοίγεται πλατύτατος και γραφικότατος προς όλες τις πλευρές!  
έκείνα πολλή ώρα κορφομένη στη θέση μου, θαυμάζοντας κάτω  
στο βάθος, κάτω στα πόδια μας τη Θεσσαλονίκη να λαμποκοπά,  
λουσιμένη μες' τες αχτίδες του φθινοπωρινού ήλιου και το θερμαζό  
νάπλώνεται γαλήνιος. . . . Αξιά ή γραφική λίμνη του Αγ. Βασι-  
λείου γαλανίζονσα, ήσυχη, ατάραχη να! παρ' όσα τα χωριουδάκια  
και πιο πάνω ο Ααγκαδάς, ή όμορφη κοινόπολις με τα γύρω της  
δασύλλια και τα χωριοδάκια που την περιτοιγνίζουν όλα αυτά, δεν  
ξάφω γιατί, μου φαίνεται για μια στιγμή σαν όμορφο μπουζέττο από  
μαργαρίτες, ζουμπούλια κι' αγριολούλουδα, πεταγμένο απάνω στον ολο-  
πράσινο τάπητα του κάμπου. . . .



## Εἰς Ευφρόκειο Ηλέκτρα

Ηλέκτρα! υπέροχη κι ευγενικά παρθένα! που τα δυσχερότερα  
χρόνια της νεότης Σου περνᾷς με ένα βαθύ-άγριο πόνο και κλαῖς και  
ακατάπανστα θρηνείς μέσα και νύχτα τον αδικασματομένο βασιληά-  
πατέρα σου και λιώνεις απ' τον πόνο, που Σε καίει, σαν το κερί χωρίς  
να σώνεισαι!.....Σ' ακούω να θρηνῇς, θρηνόλαλο του πόνου αηδόνι, και  
σπαρῶνεται ή ψυχή μου και Σε συμπονεί, Σε συμπονεί από τα τρί-  
σβαθα, ήρεια του πόνου και του φίλτρου του απέραντου για τον  
γλυκό τον πατερούλη σου, που τόσο τραγικά είδες να σφάζουν σκόλ-  
λα, τίγρεις, άπονη.....μητέρα-σύζυγος! και δόλιος, άπιστος, επιαιδής  
θεός! μαρόζ!.....

Κακόμοιρο πλάσμα! πῶς, ή ψυχή Σου δε γονάτισε μέσα στα  
τόσα Σου τραγικά παθήματα!.....Πῶς ζῇς ακόμα! μα και πῶς αντέχεις  
στον τόσο πόνο αξιοθαύμαστη, ήρωικά βασιλοπούλα!.....Και πῶς, ύστερ'  
από τόσα χρόνια! πῶς, που τη βρίσκει τόση ένταση ο πόνος Σου ο  
ακουητός!.....μα κλαῖς σαν νᾶταν σήμερα ή άπαίσια και τραγική βρα-  
δυά, που είδες με φρίκη ανέλπωτη αμυτοκλίσιμένο το ήρωικό κορμ'  
και άψυχο του βασιληά πατέρα Σου!.....

"Υπεράνθρωπη, αλήθεια, φύσις, πραγματική του βίου ήρωας! Εσύ  
υπεράνθρωπα και τα συναισθήματα, που γεννιῶνται και ξεβολῶν στην  
εγγενειά, την υπέροχη ψυχή Σου! Ηλέκτρα! του πόνου και του φίλτρου  
υπέροχη ήρεια! ω! μή!.....αἶς μή σπαρῶνουν τόσο πλά οί αναστεναγμοί  
την άμοιρη, την πολυδοξιασμένη Σου ψυχή!.....αἶς μή προσφέρη με τόση  
απόγνωση το στόμα Σου το πονεμένο τα σπαρταζιά Σου αυτά "Αλοί-  
μονο!., που μου ξεσχίζουν και ματώνουν την καρδιά!.....

Μισρολογᾷς, θρηνείς ακόμα! πιχρόλαλο αηδόνι! Το φίλτρο Σου,  
το απέραντο, το άμειρο, που μόνο σαν τη δική Σου τη ψυχή μπορούσε  
να χωρέση, το φίλτρο Σου δε λησιμονεί!.....

Κακόμοιρη βασιλοπούλα τραγική! και ν'αναγκάξω να ζῇς μέσα  
σε τόση καταφρόνια στο πατρικό παλάτι, που για Σένα ήταν γραφέ  
Σου από γελαστό παρῶδισο να γίνη τίφος-κόλαση! και ν'αναπνέης  
παντοτεινά τη μολυσμένη από τα χνώτα και την παρουσία των φρονι-  
δων άτμοσφα ρά του!.....Είσαι, στάληθαι, ήρωίδα, ευγενικά κακό-  
μοιρη βασιλοπούλα.

Ξαίρω, κατάλαβα ποιά είναι ή δύναμη ή αναισχία, που Σε κρα-  
τάει στη ζωή αυτή την αβάσταχτη!.....Ο μόνος, ο μοναδικός σκοπός Σου  
είναι να... χορτάσης, κλαίνοντας σόλη Σου τη ζωή την τραγική και ά-



νεπάντεχη δολοφονία, μὰ καὶ νάξιωθῃς νὰ ἰδῇς μὲν μερὰ τῇ θεῖα τῇ Δικαιοσύνῃ νὰ χτυπᾷ ἄλυτα τὸ στυγερὸ ζευγάρι τῶν φονιάδων.... ἀλοῖμονο! συγγενῶν Σου! Εἶσαι ἡ ἐνσάρκωση τοῦ πόνου μὰ καὶ τοῦ φίλτρου, φίλτρου νύκτου ἀπέραντον μὰ καὶ τῆς Ἰδέας τῆς ἠθικῆς ἀνταπόδοσης, τῆς θείας Δίκης! Αὐτὸ Σὲ κρατοῦν ἀνυψιστὴ μέσα στὸ τόσο Σου τὸ κλάμα καὶ τὸν πόνο Σου τὸν ἄγρυπνο μὰ καὶ στὴ γλυκεῖα ἀπαντοχί!... Ἐλπίζεις στὸ παληγάρι, τὸ βασιλόπουλο, τὸν φίλτατό Σου Ὀρέστη, ποῦ παιδίκι τρυφερὸ γλύτωσαν τ' ἀδελφικά καὶ στοργικά Σου χέρια ἀπὸ τὸ τρομερὸ πέλαι τῶν φονιάδων καὶ τὸν περιμένεις, χρόνια τώρα! ἀπ' τὴ ξενιτειὰ ἄντρα πλάι, ὁμορφρὸ σὰν τὸν Ἀπόλλωνα, καὶ ἐκδιζητὴ θεόσταλτο....

Ἀλοῖμονο! Τέθνηξ' Ὀρέστης ἢ μὲς μὴνοῦ!, γλυκεῖα, ἡρωϊκὴ βουσιλοπούλα.... Πταν λοιπὸν γραφτὸ Σου κι αὐτὸ ἀκόμα τὸ φαρμακί, τὸ πλὺ πικρὸ ἀπ' ὅλα, νὰ τὸ δοκιμάσῃς ἡ τόσο πονεμένη Σου ψυχὴ!...

Ἀνστησιαμένη! κλάψε! «Νῦν γὰρ οἰκῶμαι παῖρα!» κλάψε, θρηνηλαλο ποῦν!... Ἡ δυστυχία Σου δὲν ἔχει ὄρια! ὁ πόνος Σου ἀνείπωτος! Ἀλήθεια!.....

Σωρμισθήρες, δυστυχὴ! εἰπὺν πλάι πταρξῆς ἀνθρώπων!.... Φυσικά, γιατί ποῦς ἄλλος ὑστερὰ ἀπὸ χτύπημα τέτοιου μοῖρας σκληρῆς καὶ στιγμὲς ἀκόμα λίγες νὰ ζήσῃ θὰ βαστοῦσε!....

«Οἷ μοι μοι!...»!... Καὶ νὰ τὴν ἡ ἰδρία, ποῦ κλεῖ τὴ σιτίχτῃ τὴν πολύτιμη τῶν ὀστέων τοῦ πολυγαπημένου Σου Ὀρέστη! τὴν κρατῶς σὰ χέρια Σου τὰ εὐγενικά καὶ μοῦ ξεσιζῆς τὴν καρδιά, ὅταν σάκουσες μέσα σ' ἀναφυλλητὰ νὰ λές «Τέθνηξ' ἐγὼ σοι!»... «Οἷ μοι μοι!...» «τοῦτο σὺ δέξαι μ' εἰς τὸ σὸν τέκος!... τὴν μηδὲν εἰς τὸ μηδέν»!.....

Σ' ἔχει μὴνισε αὐτὸ τὸ τελευταῖο χτύπημα τῆς μοῖρας! σωρμισθήρες ψυχὴ καὶ σῶμα! δυστυχὴ!... καὶ τὸ δίκαιο Σου!.....

Μὰ πῶς! ποῦ; ποῦ τὴ βοήθεις πάλι τὴ δύναμη, παρθένα νεοφάνθρωπη, ἀπὸ ποῦ πάλι πηγὴ μυστικὴ ἠντλήσῃς τὸ σθένος Σου ἀπὸ τὸ νέος! καὶ τὸ εἰρηπιο πλάι Ἐσὺ ἔπαρξῃς ἀνθρώπινη ξεπετιέσαι, φονεὺς μυθικός, ἀπὸ τὴν τέφρα Σου καὶ ὁρῶνται μπροστὰ μας πάλι ἀκατάβλητη, ἡρωϊκὴ! δυὸ γὰρ νὰ κλαψῇς τώρα δικούς Σου πολυγαπηγόνους μὰ καὶ νὰ γίνῃς μόνη σου πλάι Ἐσὺ, ἡ τρυφερὴ βασίλοπούλα, τὸ χέρι τ' ἀναπόσπαστο τῆς θείας Δίκης!

Σ' ἄκουσα νὰ λές ἀποφασιστικὴ «Αὐτὸ χεῖρό μοι μόνη τε δραστήιον τοῦτο γόν τὸδε»! Δὲ μοιάζεις Ἐσὺ τὴν ἀδελφὴ Σου τὴ Χρυσόθεμη, ποῦ ἄτονη, ἀνίσχυρο πλάσμα, λυγρὴν γάτω ἀπὸ τὸ βαρὺ χέρι τῆς μοῖρας!... Ἐσὺ ζῆς μὲ ἰδανικά, μὲ τὴ λατρεία τους καὶ χωρὶς αὐτὰ γὰρ Σένα ἡ ζωὴ καίμια, καίμια δὲ ἔχει ἀξία, ἔρεση τῆς Ἰδέας.

παρθένα Ἰδανική!... «Ζῆν αἰσχρὸν αἰσχρῶς τοῖς κελῶς πεφυκόσι!» ἀναφωνεῖς κι ὁρῶνται μπροστὰ μας ἔρημο ἄγαλμα, ποῦ ἐνσαρκώνει τὸ ἡρωϊκὸν τὸ σθένος καὶ τὸ νύκτον τὸ φίλτρον καὶ τὴν φιλαδελφίαν καὶ τὴν Ἰδέαν τῆς ἠθικῆς ἀνταπόδοσης, τὴν Ἰδέαν γενικῶς, ποῦ εἶναι ὁ ἥμιος τῆς ζωῆς ὁ ζωογόνος!.....

Μὰ... ὦ! χαρά! ἀνείπωτή!.....

ὦ Πλέκτρα! ἡρωϊκὴ, Ἰδανικὴ παρθένα! νὰ κλαῖς πλάι πᾶψε!

Πᾶψε νὰ κλαῖς, νὰ βασανίζεσαι, Ἰδανικὴ ψυχὴ!...

Σκουπίσε πλὺ, ἀκούς! σκουπίσε πλὺ τὰ δάκρυα Σου αὐτὰ, ὅπου σταλάζουν ἀστεῖρευστα, θεομὰ, αἶμα φίλτρονισμένο ἀπ' τὸ πόνο τὸν ἀνείπωτο!... Ὁ πολυγαπημένος Σου Ὀρέστης νῆτος! εἶναι στὸ πλάι Σου, φέρνοντας τὴ χαρὰ, τὴν εὐτυχία, καὶ τὴ θεία Δίκην!...

Μὲ τὸ χαμόγελο τῆς χαρᾶς ἀγκάλιασε, ἀγκάλιασε τρυφερὸ τὸν ἀδελφούλη Σου! Νῆτος μπροστὰ Σου εἶναι!!

ὦ χαρά! χαρὰ ἀνέκφραστη! τὸν σφίγγεις πλάι σὲν ἀγκάλια! Σου! Κλαῖς ἀπὸ χαρὰ! Ἰδανικὴ Πλέκτρα!

Ἡ θεία δίκην ἀρετὴ πολλὰς φορὰς, μ' ἄργα ἢ γρήγορα ἔρχεται, φθάνει ἀσφαλῶς!.....

Ἢ ἀρετὴ!... πάντα νικᾷ καὶ ἀνταμείβεται!.....!

(Συνεργασία: Σουλτάνας Νικολαΐδου)  
Ἀργυρ. Βαρέλλα  
Μαρίος Παπαθανασίου  
Σοφίας Παρθένῃ  
Σερ. Βάρδα

★★

## Νεροποντὴ (ἀπόσπασμα)

Σοφίας Παρθένῃ

... «Ἐνα ἐπὶ πῶφο μοιμπονητὸ ἄρχισε ν' ἀκούεται, ποῦ σιγὰ σιγὰ δυνάμει καὶ ξαφνικὰ ἡ μπόρα ἔφτασε!... Μὴ ἀστραπὴ ἀνέλασε τὸν σκοτεινιασμένο οὐρανὸ κι' ἀμέσως τρομακτικὸς ἀκούστηκε τοῦ κερανοῦ ὁ κρότος! χοντρὸς καὶ ἀραιὸς σταγόνες ἄρχισαν νὰ πέφτουν οἱ ἀστραπὲς ἐφώτιζαν ἀπαίσια τὸν οὐρανόν. . . Σὲ λίγο ἄρχισε βροχὴ θαρδιά, ἀνοιξαν τοῦτο οὐνοῦ οἱ καταράχτες! οἱ στάγόνες, πέφτοντας πλούσιες καὶ μὲ ὀρεγὴ σχηματίζαν φουρμάδες στὰ θαλά νερά τῶν ἀνελικῶν, ποῦ γοργὰ-γοργὰ ἔτρεχαν πρὸς τὴ γειτο-



νική τη θεματιά . . . . Δύο σχεδόν ώρες ή βροχή εξακολουθήσε και  
τά νερά με τη δύναμή τους, ποῦ ὅλο και μεγάλωνε, παρέσφραν ὅτι  
εὔρισαν ἔμπρός τους φοιήτες, ξύλα και πέτρες ακόμα . . . . .

★ ★

## Φθινόπωρο - φθινοπωρινές εἰκόνες

(Παπαθανασίου Μ. - Βαρέλλα Ἀργ. - Παρθένη Σ.)

. . . . Τὴν ἄλλη μέρα ὅταν σηκώθηκα, σύνεφα σκεπάζαν τὸν  
οὐρανὸ καὶ ὀμίχλη ἔχρυνε ἡγαπημένα μας χοροφύκια· τὸ ἀεράκι,  
τὸ δροσερὸ καὶ ἀπαλὸ ὡς χόες φουσκῶσε τώρα δυνατώτερα καὶ κάπως  
παγερὸ . . . . σὲ λίγο ἡ βροχὴ ἄρχισε πρώτη - πρώτη νὰ δροσίζῃ  
γῆ τους καὶ χοράκια· τὸ γλυκὸ τῶν ποταμῶν κελαῖδημα δὲν ἀκούγεται  
πιά! . . . Ὁ καιρὸς αὐτὸς βάσταξε τέσσερες μέρες· τὴν πέμπτη ἀνά-  
μεσα ἀπὸ τὰ σύνεφα, ποῦ εἶχαν ἀρχίσει νὰ σκορποῦν σιγὰ - σιγὰ πρό-  
βαλαν οἱ πρώτες ἀχτίδες τοῦ ἡλίου ὀλόχρονες νὰ χαρεθῇσιν τὴ γῆ-  
ση ποῦ εἶχε πάρει νέα, λιγάκι μελαγχολικὴ, μὰ ὁμορφὴ ὅψη ἴσπερ  
ἀπὸ τὸ τλουσιὸ δρόσιμα τοῦ οὐρανοῦ· τὰ ζωτρινισμένα φύλλα τῶ-  
βλεπες νὰ τέφτουν ἄραια - ἄραια ἀπὸ τὰ δένδρα . . . ἔκαιναν ἀπα-  
λὰ μερικὲς βόλτες στὸν ἀέρα καὶ ἔφταναν σιωπηλὰ καὶ νευρωμένα στὸ  
ὕψος ἀπὸ τὴ βροχὴ χῶμα . . . Ἡ γλῶσσι εἶχε πάρει τὴν στεγνότητά  
τῆς πόλι καὶ τὰ πρώτα φθινοπωρινὰ ἀγορολολύοντα ἄρχισαν ξεπρο-  
βάλλοντες νὰ στολίζουν τὸν ἀπλωμένο γύρω μας ποταμὸν τάπητα . .

(Μ. Π. Ἀδ.)

. . . . "Ὅλα εἶναι τόσο ὁμορφα! ἀνάμεσα στὴ μελαγχολία αὐτὴ, ποῦ  
εἶναι παντοῦ σκορπισμένη. . . . Τὲς ὥρες αὐτὲς ἡ ζωὴ στὴν πόλιν  
μοῦ φαίνεται πληγνικὴ, μονότονη καὶ ἡ ψυχὴ μου με λαχτάρα ζητάει  
τὴν ἐξοχὴ, ὄχι γιὰ χαρές, τρεξίματα, μὰ γιὰ νὰ μείνῃ ἐκεῖ βοηθὴ  
θαυμάζοντας τὴ θλιμμένη ὁμορφιὰ τῆς φύσεως . . . Ὁ συννεφιασμέ-  
νος οὐρανός, τὰ ζωτρινισμένα - μισοτεθαμμένα φύλλα τῶν δένδρων,  
τὸ φεγγάειο ψυχρὸ ἀεράκι, ποῦ διαβατάριζα περὶ προσκαλῶντας  
ὄγιν καὶ προσηνῶντας τὸν χειμῶνα . . . τὰ βιαστικὰ φτερουγίσματα  
τῶν ποταμῶν ποῦ φεύγουν - ἀγοροποιεμένοι διαβάτες - μ' ὅλη τῶν φτε-  
ρῶν τους τὴν ταχύτητα πρὸς ἄλλες χῶρες πρὸ θεομέ, τὰ θαλά στρω-  
τὰ σύννεφα, ποῦ ἀγορολολοῦν στὸν οὐρανό. . . . ἡ [βοηθὴ] πονεμένη  
ἡσυχία τῆς ἐξοχῆς, ποῦ τὴν ταράζουν ποῦ καὶ ποῦ γὰι ἐπὶ ὁμορφίαι,

μαζονοὶ, γρότοι ἀνατριχιαστικοί, τὸ μυστήριον τῆς θλιμμένης φύσεως,  
ποῦ ἀληθινὰ φθίνει, ὅλα αὐτὰ γιὰ ἔκρινον ποῦ μποροῦν νὰ τὰ προ-  
σέξουν καὶ νὰ αἰσθανθῶν, ἔχουν, κλείουν ἕνα μυστηριώδες θάλαλη-  
τρον μὰ ἡρεμῇ, ἀνείπωτῇ ὁμορφιά. . . .

(Ἀργ. Β.)

..

. . . . Καὶ ὅμως κάτω ἀπὸ τὴν φαινομενικὴ αὐτὴ θλιμμένη  
ἡσυχία μὰ καινούργια ζωὴ ἀρχίζει νὰ γεννιέται μυστικά. στὰ ὄργω-  
μένα χοράκια με τὸ μαυροδερό τους χοῦμα δειλὰ - δειλὰ σὲ λίγο θά-  
χίσουν νὰ προβάλλουν οἱ πράσινες χοροφύλλες τῶν σπυριῶν, ποῦ θὰ  
μεταβάλλουν τοὺς ἀγρούς σὲ βελουδένιους ὀλοπράσινους τάπητας . .

(Σοφ. Π.)

★★

## Ὁ παπαγάλος τῆς τύχης

Α. Νεράντζη

Τὸ ὄργανέττο σκορπάει χαρούσινους ἤχους στὸν ἥσυχον, ἔξοχον  
δρόμον ποῦ παίρνει ξαφνικὰ ζωὴ . . τὸ ὄργανέττο γλυκερὲς σκορπάει  
τρολλίες καὶ τὰ πατάθρα τῶν σπιτιῶν τοῦ μικροῦ, χορταριασμένον  
δρόμον ἀρχίζουν ἕνα-ἕνα ν' ἀνοίγουνται ἀπὸ χερύκια παχυντά, χορι-  
ταίστικα καὶ φωνοῦλες νὰ ἀκούγονται καὶ γὰι πινχτὰ γέλια . . ὁ  
παπαγάλος τῆς τύχης . . Ὁ μικρὸς δρομῆκος παίρνει ζωὴ...χοπέλλες  
ξεχύνονται στὸ δρόμον...

Ἀπλοῦνὰ χορῆσια τῆς ἡσυχῆς γειτονιάς, ποῦ καθισμένες μπρο-  
στὰ στὸ πατάθρα πλέγετε δαντέλλες καὶ... ὄνειρα χορῆσι, γιὰ τὸς  
λαχτάρες νὰ φέρῃ στὴ ψυχὴ σας τὸ ἄκουσμα τοῦ ὄργανέττου! Τὸ  
ξαύρω λαχταροῦτε ὅλες σας νὰ μάθετε τὸ μέλλον σας, τὸ σκοτεινὸ καὶ  
ἀγνώριστο, θὰ νοιώσετε τὴ χαρὰ τῆς ζωῆς, τῆς νεότητος, τὴ χαρὰ τὴ  
μητρικὴ, τὴν εὐτυχία . . . Ἀποτραβηγμένες μαζονὰ ἀπὸ τὸ θόρυβον  
τῆς πόλης, ζητᾶτε, φρεσκά, καὶ σεῖς νὰ μάθετε τὰ μυστικὰ τῆς τύχης!  
... Ἐλα, παπαγάλε! σκῆψε καὶ με τὴ μυτοῦλα βγάλε ἕνα χαρτίκι!  
... Πῶς τρέμουν τὰ χέρια σας, πῶς λαχταροῦν ἡ καρδιά σας!! Ὁ πα-  
παγάλος ξαύρει, τί φέρνει στὴν καθε μὴν ἡ τύχη καὶ σὲ ὅλες! Ὁ-  
μορφο ταῖροι, εὐτυχία, ὁμόνοια, ὀλόγλυκα παιδάκια, ζωὴ χαρούμενη-  
πλούτη... Τὶ καλὸς ποῦ εἶναι ὁ παπαγάλος!!.....

Τὸ ὄργανέττο σκορπάει ὀλόγλυκους ἤχους, σκορπάει εὐθυμες



τρούλλες στον εξοχικό δρομάκο, που σκορπιούνται, σβήνουν στον κα-  
τήφορο'..... και ξανακλείνουν τὰ παράθυρα σιγά - σιγά και πίσω τους  
πλέκουν δαντέλλες κι' όνειρα χρυσά οι κοπέλλες.....

★★

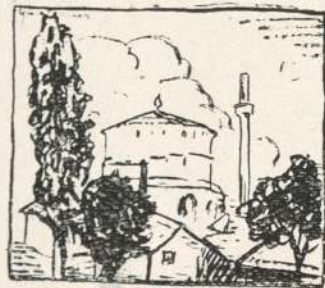
## Πανηγύρι στο βωκκλήσι (απόσπ.)

Πίσω από τες μακρινές κορφές ο ήλιος ανατέλλει και τα σην-  
ρα του ουρανού αλλάζουν χίλιες βαφές, ρόδινες, ξανθές, χρυσές.....  
Ξημερώνει τ' Αύ-Γιαννιού, μέρα μεγάλη. . . . .  
'Αργά, γλυκά, χαρούμενα χτυπάει ή καμπάνα. . . . .  
... "Όλοι τους ντιμένει με τὰ χορτινά τους χορμόνται απ' τὰ  
χελίη του γέρον παπά γιατί ή καθόρια και μελωδική φωνή του χύνει  
βάλσαμο μέσ' στές ψυχές τους.... τὰ βλέμματα χαρούμενα στην ωραία  
Πύλη, όπου στέκει ο γέροντας ντιμένος στα ιερά τὰ χρυσοκεντημένα  
αίμα, έν ψ τὸ βλέμμα του. . . . .

Τελείωσε ή λειτουργία' τὸ πλήθος βγαίνει χαρούμενο με τὸ αν-  
τίδωρο στο χέρι και τὰ σταυροστατήματα εξακολουθούν ως τὴν ὁξώ-  
πορτα. . . . 'Η πλατεία με τὰ πανώρηα της πλατάνια και τες κα-  
στανιές με τὴ χορταριασμένη βούση. . . . Οί Κοινοτοξήδες προ-  
ματευτήδες, μικροπωληταί βοίκοσαντι στές δούξες τους. «'Εδὼ τὰ φρέ-  
σκα κονιούρια αα! Πάρτε κυρίες και τελειώσανε!» — «Χτενίκια, καρ-  
φίτσες, κορδέλλες! 'Εδὼ τὸ καλὸ πράμα. . . . »! Καὶ οί κυρὲς με τὰ  
χλασιζὰ φρακιόλια τους, σέβονταν μαζί τους και ἀπὸ μισὶ ντουζίνα  
παιδιά, δῶσ' του κι' αγοράζονν και τὰ πορτοφόλια ἀδειάζουν. . . .

Στὴ μέση τῆς Πλατείας ή αιώνια λατέρνα—γλέντι χωρίς αν-  
τὴν μπορεῖ νὰ νοηθῇ εἰς τὸ χωριό; — σκορπίζει τοὺς ἤχους τοῦ σιγ-  
τοῦ, ποὺ χορεύουν οί νιές με τὸ ἐντόπιο τους γραφικὸ χοστουμι. . . .

★★



Activities

1930



## School Publications

Outstanding among the publications of Anatolia College is our yearbook, *The Anatolian*, but its history does not trace back very far. The book you are reading is only the third volume, the first having come into being as a result of discussions of the Anatolia Club and the Greek Red Cross. Now the board is elected each year by the entire student body, but the girls' section is handled by a separate organization formed at the American Boarding School.

The chief aim of the editors of the book has been to produce a volume full of souvenirs which will be valuable in the years to come, and no better record can be found of the improvement in features from year to year than in the books themselves. The first volume could hardly hold a candle to the second, and it is hoped that readers will find the present issue much improved over the second with regard to cuts and to typographical correctness. The Board is much indebted to Mr. Parr, who while studying art here at Salonica after years of experience in America, was so helpful in the securing of drawings, and in preparing the color work. Our experienced journalistic councilor, Mr. Lamb, has been an ever present help as advisor to both the editorial staff and the business staff.

A fine literary publication, *The Aurora*, has taken root on the campus this year under the leadership of some students acting under the direction of Mr. Graves. The aim of this magazine is to cultivate the literary ability of the boys.

Our newly formed alumni body has begun *Anatolia College News*, a mimeographed journal, which keeps graduates informed about their Alma Mater. This publication is edited by the alumni editorial board. Also worthy of mention is *The Echo of Our Class* started by the class of '32 as an outlet for the talent in writing and drawing shown by students of Fourth Form.

It is hoped that these three mimeographed publications can afford regular printing in the near future.

Taft Mardrossian

## The 1930 ANATOLIAN Board



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## *Dramatics in Anatolia*

For along time we had the great desire to have a dramatic club. So in the beginning of this year as one of our first undertaking we tried to organize one. Several time the members of the newly organized club came together and planned to give some short plays. Unfortunately we were not able to go on very far with our decision, because the members were not able to grant sufficient time from their lessons.

Dramatic activities are still carried on by different student organizations. In general, the number of dramas has been much smaller this year than in preceding years, but in quality quite acceptable.

Every year the A.S.N.A.K., the former Junior Red Cross, used to present several plays, but this year only one play was prepared for Greek Independence Day, March 25. The play was a three-act tragedy, "The Heroine of Macedonia". It was very successfully produced. A large audience came from the city to attend the play. All those who were present appreciated the performance in full.

On the first of March the Armenian students gave a play again dedicated to the celebration of Vartan's Day. The drama was a three-act tragedy, "The Black Soils", with an epilogue. It was of historical import and represented the invasion of Tamerlane into Armenia. The epilogue was performed by the Armenian girls of the American Girls' School. On the whole the play was very successful. A large number of people attended and were much pleased with it.

It has been the custom for the graduating class to give a play. The class of 1929 did not offer one but this year the Sophomore class wanted to continue the tradition of the past. After great preparation the remarkable drama, Sophocles' "Antigone", was presented on the twenty-first of May. The performance took place in the outdoor theatre, on the south of Tracy Hall. The efforts of Mr. Graves made the play a great success and the large audience left the theatre well pleased with the results.

Taft Mardirossian

## *Chorus*



Left to right, front row: Temirloghlou, Deirmenjian, Boghourian, Mr. Lamb, Cambouropoulos, Gaitantjis, Marashlian, Donikian.

Back row: Nicolaidis, Topalian, Papazian, Shahrigian, Dombaliao, Saghbazarian, Brousalian, Emmanuel, Baronvartian, Djedjizian.

## *The String Quartet*



Left to right: Papazian M., Papazian S., Moumjis J., Djedjizian Y.



## Music on the Anatolia Campus

The education of heroes shall be gymnastics for the body and music for the soul. Begin the education with music. *Plato*

Although our college does not have a special music department, it is equally as musical as those schools which do. There are many opportunities for every one who wants to be "musical".

A group of singers represent both the Choir and the Glee Club of the college. It has had a great activity in furnishing music for vespers. The boys who participate in the Choir have been benefited by the presence of our able leader, Mr. Curtis Lamb. Bach chorales were the favorite songs of the boys and were sung on many occasions. Besides this, the Choir has appeared at various times on the platform in special extracurricular programs. On Christmas and on Easter, choirs of the two schools, Anatolia College and the Girls' School, gave special concerts. Different members of the chorus have also been asked occasionally to give solos and duets.

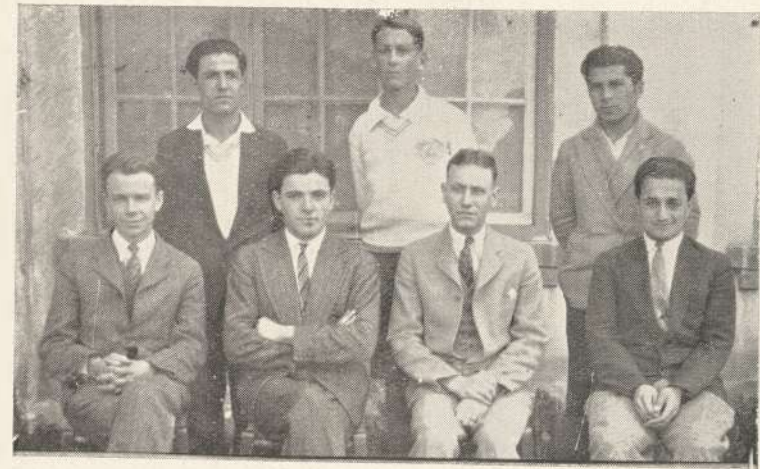
No one can deny the fact that Anatolia is not rich in violinists. But where is the Stringed Orchestra of last year? There is only a stringed quartet which has not justified its limited activity. However violin solos given on many occasions were very much appreciated.

Both Greek and Armenian boys have formed their own glee clubs for the celebration of their national days: Creek Independence Day and Vartan's Day. We must confess that they have had good success with their good choice of songs. The S. C. A. Quartet had a limited activity this year.

Besides regular school activities, Anatolia College students had exceptional opportunities to hear wonderful concerts in their own building. As in other years, the Russian Choir of the city, gave another concert in Tracy Hall. Anatolia College was proud of having the world famous pianists, Scholtz brothers of Salzburg, who gave an extremely fine two piano concert. Anatolians will not forget the German Scouts' concert which had a great influence on every one because of the jollity and vigor which the boys sang.

Lately, there has been a "French song" movement by our French Professor, Monsieur Von der Muhll. The boys have appreciated it very much.

Aram R. Donikian



Left right, front row: Mr. Gates, Hadjisavvas, president, Mr. Graves, Donikian, Secretary.  
Back row: Kolsouzian, Lazarides, Har. Nicolaides, vice president

## Anatolia Literary Club

Aram R. Donikian  
Secretary

The variety of extra-curricular organizations found in operation in our college is wide. Anatolia Literary Club is the first and the most important of these. It is an organization whose history goes parallel with that of our newly established college. There is a coincidence in the name of our college and this Club for "Anatolia", "The Land of Rising Sun", embodies the great purpose of the organization.

The major object of this club has been to help furnish practical guidance, moral atmosphere, and to cultivate fellowship. The club tries to aid intellectual growth through lectures, essays, declamations, etc.

Anatolia Club functions according to parliamentary law. Its officers are elected by the members annually in the spring. The president and the secretary with other members of the cabinet plan the programs for the bi-monthly meeting. Only members of the club take part in the programs, and only students of the three upperclasses are privileged to hold membership. At the end of each meeting a teacher is invited to give a critic's report. The sincere criticisms of Mr. Graves and Mr. Gates have helped much.

Anatolia Club has had great activity this year. It has achieved its purpose by putting on many interesting programs. One of the most interesting programs we had was a debate: "Resolved, that we shall have frequent socials with the girls of the Girls'



School. "The audience was always kept in laughter in hearing funniest things ever known! . . . All expected that the affirmative would win; but no! the negative won. One of the losers said, "After all, this does not mean that we shall not have socials.

Another exceedingly interesting program was put on the 24th of January. A memorable day! Anatolia Club had invited the girls for a joint meeting. The program was rich in variety. All numbers had great success. Among others, Miss Zoidou's piano solo, The Unfinished Symphony, by Schubert, was hailed with applause. The critic of the day, Mr. Gates, was surprised, and did not know what to criticize. There have been few occasions on which Anatolia Club meetings had larger audiences.

The club has achieved this year in promoting intellectual and social development by utilizing all means of student self-expression before a large audience. It has given a chance to its members to increase their ability to use fluent English.

It is not out of place to acknowledge what Mr. Gates and Mr. Graves have done in cooperating with the club cabinet to make the meetings more interesting. Acknowledgements are due to all those who participated in the preparation of the programs which were very much appreciated. The cabinet has tried to give equal chance to all its members to appear on the platform.

The three officers of the club cabinet are leaving the college this year and they wish to their juniors and successors great success in all of their undertakings in endeavoring to carry on the work left for them with vitality and great devotion.

★ ★

### *Aurora Staff*



Left to right front row: Stactopoulos, Donikian Editor-chief, Mr. Graves faculty advisor, Papazian  
Back row: Kolsouzian, Lazarides, Kyroghlou, Evmerides, Eleftheriades Business manager.

### *S. C. A. Cabinet*



Left to right, front row: Ioannou, Treasurer, Mr. Compton, Eleftheriades, President, Marashlian, Vice President, Mardrossian, Secretary.

Back row: Deirmenjian, Temirloghlu, Faradjian, Danielian, Nicolaides, Camhouropoulos, Constantinides.

### *The S. C. A.*

Although well known on our campus for the past five years, the Y. M. C. A. has effected a change of name to the Students' Christian Association recently due to the fact that only organizations directly connected with the Y. M. C. A. are now allowed to use the name. Although our club now has a new name, its aims are quite those of the Y. M. C. A. and it is hoped that by maintaining high standards of Christian character, promoting clean speech, clean athletics, and clean scholarship, the Anatolia College S. C. A. will continue to supply the place of a Y. M. C. A. on the campus.

In regular meetings on Sunday evenings every two weeks, all sorts of student problems are discussed and oftentimes solved by different eminent outside speakers and by the students themselves. After the meetings, the boys gather around the fire in groups to again consider the things which have been said and the applications to life which can be made.



Social meetings organized by the S.C.A. were also interesting. This last year one was given for new students who were given a chance to meet the older boys and were made to feel at home in their new environment. Both faculty and students of the girls' School as well as those of our own were present at our second social. The aim of this party was to create a fine family circle and to give girls and boys an opportunity of getting acquainted.

Each Saturday evening, the committee in charge of boys' work gathers the refugee children of our college quarter and supplies them with athletic equipment so that they can make proper use of Marathon Field. Thus the poor children of Charilaos are given a chance to play supervised games with basketballs, volleyballs and footballs furnished under the direction of the S. C. A.

The New Students' Committee is to be especially congratulated for its work of the past year, for due to their efforts, newcomers soon looked and felt so much at home that they could scarcely be distinguished from the old students.

The S. C. A. has a great influence, therefore, on the conduct and the relationships of our students. It is progressing each year and it is to be hoped that even finer things will be accomplished in the years to come by following the ideals now accepted by the organization.

Socrates Eleftheriades  
President



## Α.Ε.Ν.Α.Κ.



Ἐξ ἀριστερῶν πρὸς τὰ δεξιὰ πρώτη σειρά: Μισακὸς, Κυρόγλου γεν.  
Γραμματεὺς, κ. Χατζηκυριάκος, Θ. Κανέτης πρόεδρος, Κοκκινίδης  
Δεύτερα σειρά: Φαρμασόπουλος ταμίας, Γαληνός, Χαρ. Νικολαΐδης ἀντιπρόεδρος

(Ἀναμορφωτικὸς σύλλογος νέων τοῦ Ἀμερικανικοῦ Κολλεγίου)

Ὁ σύλλογος Α.Ε.Ν.Α.Κ. εἰσῆλθεν ἐφέτος εἰς τὸ πέμπτον ἔτος τῆς ἰδρύσεώς του. Ἀκόμα πρὶν ἀπὸ λίγες ἐβδομάδες ἐργαζόταν ἀθόρυβα ἀλλὰ σταθερὰ καὶ ἀποτελεσματικὰ ὑπὸ τὴν ἐπινομήν Ε.Σ.Ν.Α.Κ. (Ἐρνέστος στανρός Νέων τοῦ Ἀμερικανικοῦ Κολλεγίου), μετὰ τὴν ὁποία τὸν ξεύρουν καλύτερα ὅσοι ἔχουν συνδεθῇ μετὰ τὸν κύκλο τῆς σχολῆς μας.

Σκοπὸς τοῦ συλλόγου εἶναι, γὰρ νὰ μεταχειρισθῶμε τὰς λέξεις τοῦ καταστατικοῦ του:

- α') Ἡ Ἀλληλοβοήθεια
- β') Ἡ μετὰ τῶν μελῶν καλλιέργεια φιλικῶν σχέσεων
- γ') Ἡ ἀγάπη πρὸς τὰς καλὰς τέχνας

Γὰρ τὴν καλύτερον ἐξυπηρέτησιν τοῦ σκοποῦ τοῦ συλλόγου τὸ διοικητικὸν συμβούλιον ἐφέτος ἱδρύσας καὶ πάλιν διάφορα τμήματα: τὸ φιλολογικόν, τὸ καλλιτεχνικόν, τὸ φιλανθρωπικόν καὶ τὸ ψυχαγωγικόν, τὰ ὅποια ἐπεφορτίσθησαν νὰ φροντίζουν γὰρ τὴν πραγματοποίησιν τοῦ σκοποῦ του. Αἱ ἀποφάσεις τῶν ἐπιτροπῶν τῶν τμημάτων ἐγκρίνονται ἀπὸ τὸ διοικητικὸν συμβούλιον.

Τὸ φιλολογικὸν τμήμα προεζήρουν διαγωνισμὸν διηγήματος. Παρουσιάστηκαν ἤδη ἀρκετὰ ἔργα. Τὸ καλύτερον ἀπὸ αὐτὰ θὰ βραβευθῇ καὶ θὰ δημοσιευθῇ στὸ "Ἀνατόλιον", τὸ ἐτήσιον λεύκωμα τῆς σχολῆς.

Τὸ καλλιτεχνικὸν τμήμα διοργανώνει ἑκάστη ζωγραφικὴ καὶ χειροτεχνία γὰρ τὴν "ἡμέραν τῶν γονέων". Πιστεύομε πῶς θὰ συναγωνισθῶν ἀρχετοὶ μαθηταὶ γὰρ τὰ βραβεῖα.

Τὸ φιλανθρωπικὸν τμήμα ἔκανε ἔργον, τὸν ὁποῖον διέθεσε γὰρ



τακτική Κυριακάτικη λειτουργία εις τὰς φυλακάς τοῦ Ἑπταπυργίου.

Ἀλλά καὶ τὸ ψυχαγωγικὸ δὲν ὑπέστησε. Μὲ τὴν συνεργασία τοῦ καλλιτεχνικοῦ τμήματος διωργάνωσε στὴν ἀρχὴ τοῦ ἔτους μία ωραία-τατὴ συναυλία μὲ τὶς δυνάμεις τῶν μελῶν του.

Τὴν ἡμέρα δὲ τῆς Ἑθνικῆς Παλιγγενεσίας ἕνα ὥραϊο καὶ πλουσιώτατο ἔθνικὸ πρόγραμμα, τὸ ὁποῖον ἐτίμησαν τόσον οἱ γονεῖς καὶ οἱ κηδεμόνες τῶν μαθητῶν ὅσον καὶ πολὺς ἄλλος κόσμος ποὺ ὑπερπλήρωσεν ἀσφυκτικὰ τὴν μεγάλην αἴθουσαν τοῦ Κολλεγίου. Περιστὸ νὰ λεχθῇ πὼς τὸ ὅλον πρόγραμμα ἐσημείωσε ἐπιτυχία πρωτοφανῆ στὰ δραματικὰ χρονικά τοῦ Κολλεγίου.

Χαρακτηριστικὸ τοῦ ἔργου τοῦ ἑφετεινοῦ διοικητικοῦ συμβουλίου εἶναι ἡ εἰσαγωγὴ τῶν "φιλολογικῶν συγκεντρώσεων". Οἱ συγκεντρώσεις αὗτές, ὅπου οἱ ὁμιληταὶ ἀποτελοῦνται ἀποκλειστικῶς ἀπὸ μαθητὰς, ἔχουν διπλὸ σκοπὸ. Πρῶτα - πρῶτα εἶναι μία καλλίστη ευκαιρία γιὰ τοὺς μαθητὰς νὰ συνηθίσουν νὰ ὁμιλοῦν δημοσίᾳ. Καὶ δευτέρου τοὺς δίδουν μίαν ὥθησιν νὰ σκαλίσουν τοὺς φιλολογικοὺς καὶ τοὺς ιστορικοὺς μας θησαυροὺς καὶ νὰ παρουσιάσουν στὸ ἀκροατηρίῳ τοὺς ὅτι ὥραϊο καὶ καλὸ θὰ βροῦν.

Κλείοντας τὶς λίγες αὐτὲς γραμμὲς εὐχαριστῶ, ἕκ μέρους τοῦ διοικητικοῦ συμβουλίου, τὸν ἀγαπητὸν μας καθηγητὴ κ. Κυριάκον Χατζηκυριάκον, ποὺ ἀκούσαστα ἐργάζεται γιὰ τὸν σύλλογόν μας ἀπὸ τὸν καιρὸ τῆς ἰδρύσεώς του, προσφέροντας τὴν πολὺτιμο πείρα του.

Τὰ μέλη τοῦ διοικητικοῦ συμβουλίου, ποὺ ὅλα, ἑκτός ἑνὸς τελειοφοιτοῦν ἐφέτως εὐχρινέστατα ἐπιθυμοῦν καὶ εὐχονται τὸ συμβούλιο ποὺ θὰ τοὺς διαδεχθῇ νὰ ἀναδείξῃ τὸν σύλλογον ὅσο κανένα ἀπὸ τὰ προηγούμενα συμβούλια.

Ἀπρίλιος, 1930

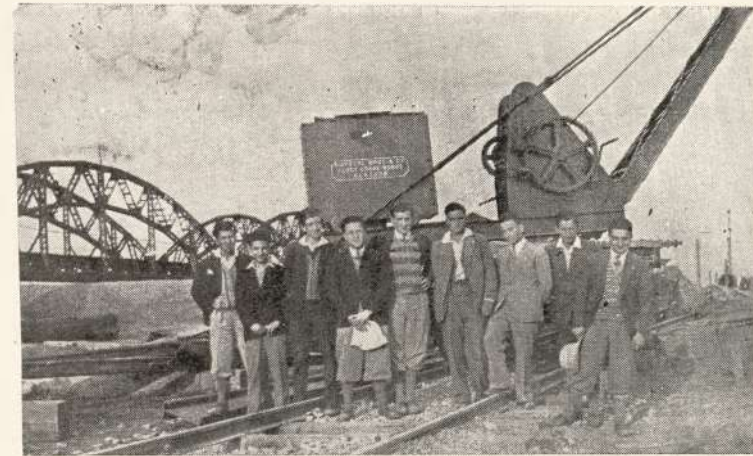
Θ. Χ. Κανέτις  
Πρόεδρος

### *The A. L. N. A. K. Association*

This is the former Junior Red Cross. The work of the association this year may be summarized in the following:

The philanthropic section managed to have Sunday church services in the prisons of Yedi Koule. The literary section declared a prize for the best Greek short story. The art section organized exhibition for Parent's Day. The committee on social entertainments organized and directed successfully a concert at the beginning of the year, and a successful national program on Independence Day. It also introduced, for the first time, the literary meetings in which discussion on different subjects took place.

T. C. Kanetis  
President



Left to right: Nicolai les, Kizilian, Christides, Marashlian, Mardirossian, Mantikas, Constantinides, Hatcherian, Donikian.

### *A Visit to the Foundation Company*

During February of this year, Dr. White came to an understanding with Major Ross, the director of the Foundation Company, to hold a series of lectures on the work of the company.

Accordingly, the lectures were given in Tracy Hall by the director and two other engineers. The essence of the lectures was that an area of 2 million stremmas of new cultivable land will be prepared in Greece by 1933. The cost will be about \$ 27,000,000.

The lectures were not the end of the matter. Major Ross had the goodwill to open a contest for essays on the work of the company, the prize being a day's visit to the company's works for the winners.

On a bright sunny morning we jumped in the company's cars and started on our tour. We (those in the picture) had the honor to have with us Dr. and Mrs. White, prof. Sotiriades with his wife, and some of our teachers. Having as our guides the engineers Mr. Turner and Mr. Iacovou, we drove through the beautiful green fields, saw Gallicos, and stopped at Anatovo. Then we rode for Plati, saw Alexander's well, the works of Loudias and the wonderful bridge of Axios in construction.

The whole trip was very interesting and highly instructive. We are grateful to the Foundation Company for giving us such a fine opportunity of visiting its wonderful works.

Har. Nicolaides





*Happy Days*

*on*

*Mount  
Hortiatis*

## *A College Picnic*

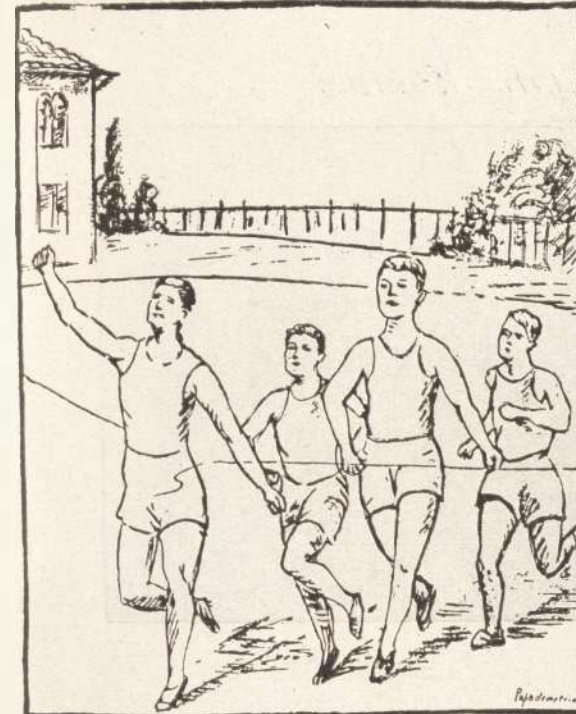
They say that college days are the pleasantest of life, and I suppose no one contradicts this idea. Truly it is in the college that we pass most of our rosy, sunny days of life.

But what is it that makes college a center of gayety and bliss? Is it the lessons which sometimes seem to be oppressing and toilsome? or the limited life with its limited privileges? or is it the rules of the college? I suppose no one of these answers the question as well as the suggestion given by the above pictures.

Excursions, picnics, and socials, with a dozen or more friends all youthful and full of energy, are the only things which we remember often long after we leave college. And the snapshots of such excursions refresh in our minds the most sweet and memorable events of our college life.

We have had regular excursions and hikes throughout this year and the boys have enjoyed them greatly. The above pictures are some of the snap-shots taken high upon the snow-capped mountain, Hortiatis.

Albert Faradjian  
Chairman of Socials



*Gladiators*

1930



## Athletic Council



Front row: Morcotti, treasurer, Daniellian president, Mr. Compton G. Inos secretary, Charalambidis G.  
Second row: Kavoukjian, Eleftheriades, Adamichou, Blyemzian Marashlian II.

## General Athletics

In Greek and Roman days "athlete" meant one who contended for a prize in the Olympic games. Now - a - days, the general term is in use for any one excelling in physical strength and sportsmanship.

In this country, athletic sports have long been a national characteristic. Half a century ago school meant a place only for mental training, but now this old idea is thoroughly changed and modified. Man has at last accepted the fact that mental and physical training should go parallel, since both are so necessary.

Our school has been one of the first ones in Greece which has adopted this new idea of training students physically and mentally.

After school every day the courts of various games are crowded with skillful players. Our school is one of the richest school in athletics. We have a track, a football court, two basketball, two volleyball, and two tennis courts. In spite of all these facil-

ities and so many playgrounds, we still see students waiting their turn to use the playgrounds. Because of this, the school thought of adding another basketball court, a volleyball, and two more tennis courts which will soon be ready for use.

Our school backs up anything concerning athletics. She encourages by every means the organization of field and track meets and championship tournaments, both interclass and interscholastic, and each time she is willing to provide all the necessary equipment for different sports. Her aim is to foster the spirit of sportsmanship and her motto has been till now "Victory".

In the Panhellenic games of this year in Salonica four basketball teams participated: two teams from Athens and two from Salonica. You could easily recognize the bright faces of the "ANATOLIANS" who were represented on each one of these teams.

On the N. E. R. we had Eleftheriades.

On the Panionios, we had our famous athlete Kokkinis.

On the Y. M. C. A. we had Adamichou and Papayannis.

On Aris: Danielian, Benlian and Kavoukjian.

The famous Aris basketball team with its three mighty "ANATOLIAN" players was proclaimed champion of Greece.

Though our best players are forsaking their dear Alma Mater each year, our school is progressing in athletics. We don't have any coach to train our boys, but we do have Mr. Compton, our dean, as both physical and mental trainer. He comes every day to the field and plays with the boys, teaching them how to gain vitality, encouraging new players, training the good players, and carrying on the ideal of sportsmanship.

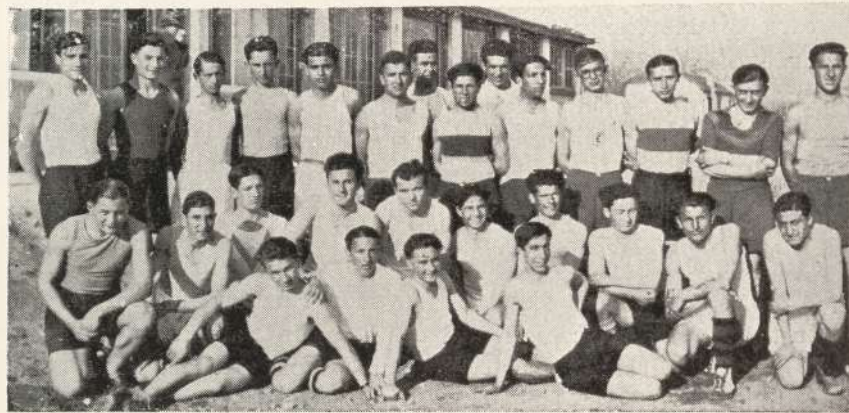
With the opening of school the football season began. After a great struggle with the Freshman, the Sophomores, class of '30, got the interclass championship. Then followed basketball and volleyball, both of which were won by the same graduating class. If these athletes also win baseball and inter-class tennis honors, they will leave an everlasting record to the school.

Baseball, tennis and track have not yet started. The Sophomores hope to get the banners in these too, but they have well trained opponents in third and fourth form.

(Continued on page 76)



## Track Team



Because of the arrangement of program of the Athletic events, this year's "ANATOLIAN" will not be able to put down the improvements and successes of our athletes in various lines.

In the interscholastic field meet, called "Aristotelia", our athletes were proclaimed the champions in the Olympic Relay race.

Interclass pentathlon has already begun. Soon we shall have a field meet with the American Farm school. We hope that our athletes again will do their best to become victorious for the second time. We wish them good success.

The records of our college are as follows:

Senior:

100 meter dash	Rallis	11"4/5	Class '29
200	Kokkinis	25"4/5	'29
400	Kokkinis	59"2/5	'29
800	Daniel	2'10"2/5	'30
1500	Daniel	4'48"2/3	'30
3000	Daniel	10'28"3/4	'30
Cross Country 4500 m.	Daniel	17'58	'30
Discus	Aivazian	29.65 m.	'29
Javelin	Aivazian	41.16 m.	'29
High Jump	J. Abadjoglou	1.62 m.	
	Varnalis		
Broad Jump	J. Abadjoglou	6.08 m.	'29
Hop-Step-Jump	Kokkinis	12.66 m.	'29
Shot Put	J. Abadjoglou	10.91 m.	'29
Stone-throw	V. Koulingas	8.96 m.	'29
	Baronian, Track Captain		

## Varsity Volleyball



Front row: Galinos, Evmerides V., Zambakjian,  
Second row: Danielian D., Eliades I., Adamichou, Niflis M.

Volleyball is one of the major game activities in our college, and has proved to be a game which the more a boy plays the more he likes.

During the last three years we took the interscholastic championship organized by the Y. M. C. A. But this year, unfortunately, we didn't participate in it for certain reasons.

Our school team is strong this year although we lost Mengrelis and Kokkinis, two of our best last year's players.

The volleyball season has just now begun and we plan to have a number of matches with outside teams. Besides, the inter-class championship, which is about to finish, is arousing the interest of our boys.

Our varsity this year is composed of the following players: Evmerides B., Danielian D., Niflis M., Zambakjian H., and Galinos, with Eliades I. as the first substitute.

I wish a good success to the next year's varsity.

Mike Adamichou  
Captain



## Football Varsity



Front row: Mantakas, Cambouropoulos, S., Galinos, Evmerides, Shahrighian, Deirmenjian,  
Second row: Charalambides, Vlachos, Moscoff, Tosdjian, Athanasia les, Ioannides, Pangalos.

Football is the only game which is favored by nearly all the boys of our school, and so there is no reason why it should not be the best team in our college.

Good football players are continually graduating and thus leaving our college varsity team every year but better ones are developed to fill their places and make it stronger and stronger as the years pass on.

This year's team is a very well organized one, and I dare say that even in the past our school has had few equals and no superiors. The proof of the preceding paragraph is found by throwing a glance at the strongest club teams of the town where on a good many you will not have a hard time recognizing some of our school's varsity players: as for example P. A. O. K., Aris, Hercules etc.

To give you a more clear idea about our varsity team I will put down the result of the matches that we had during this fall with other schools.

Anatolia (6) French School (3) Anatolia (3) Constantinides (2)  
Anatolia (5) French School (3) Anatolia (2) Europa (1)  
Anatolia (3) Europa (2)

The varsity football team has won all its matches, and I hope that next year the team will prove still more successful and beat its opponents with greater ease.

G. Charalambides,  
The Captain

## Varsity Basketball



Front row: Eleftheriades, Tosdjian,  
Second row: Kavoukdjian, Evmerides, Danielian, Cambouropoulos, Papayannis, Mr. Compton.

As I said in last year's "Anatolian", basketball is the most popular and loved sport of our college. Every day after school and in the morning you will find both courts full of boys either crowding around the baskets and competing as to who will make the best shot, or divided into two separate teams playing against each other. The direction, noticing that two courts are not enough for this most popular sport of our college, is planning to prepare another court.

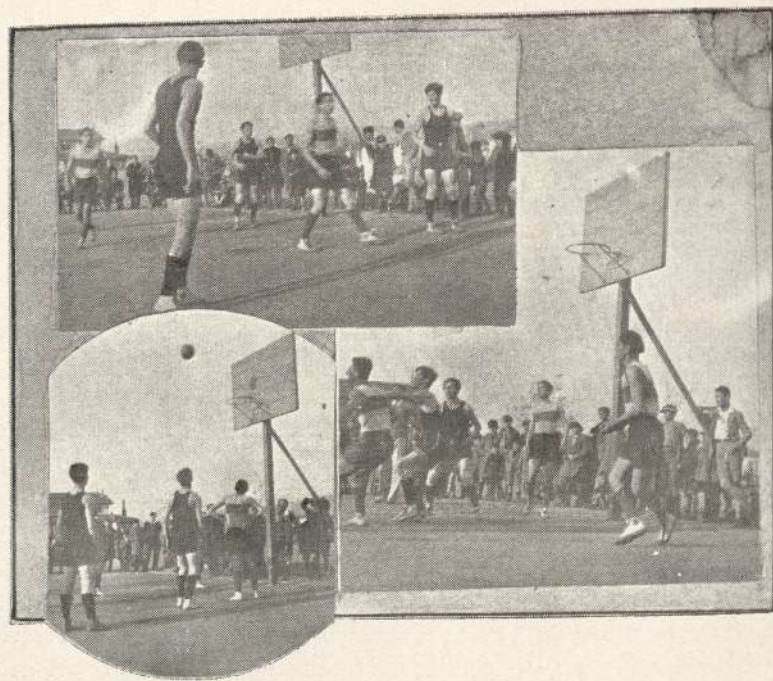
Our varsity team is the strongest in Salonica. In spite of the



Basketball players from Athens College and Our School

absence of the best old varsity players, Abadjoglou, Babooloosian, Ioannides and Peristanoglou, the team, with its mighty Danielian ascender, its skillful forces: Evmerides Cambouropoulos and Papayannis, and with its two strong guards Tosdjian and Eleftheriades, has brought different victories to its ALMA MATER,





and lately has won the interscholastic championship of Salonica.

It was a great honor for our college to invite for the first time in school history the well known Athens College team for a friendly match with our team. How interesting and friendly the match was there is no need of describing, for the above pictures and snapshots, taken during the match, will give you a very excellent idea. The match after a hard struggle, either by chance or by skill, ended with a very small difference in favor of our college.

I can not help but express my admiration for the visitors' excellent teamwork and passes, and give my congratulations for their fine sportsmanship.

S. Eleftheriades  
Captain



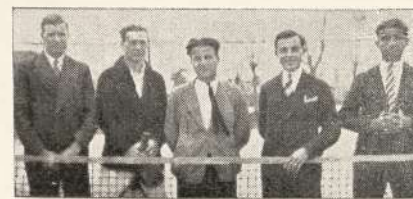
## Tennis Club



In previous years boys showed little interest in tennis and in 1927, a tennis tournament was organized by the Greek Red Cross of our school when there were only ten players.

Last year the number of the tennis amateurs being increased, another tournament was organized by the aid of Mr. Hine and Mr. Lamb, who put up a small cup for the champion. There were twenty - five players. Ioannides, a member of the class of

'29, was declared champion, with Marashlian second and Danielian third.



Left to right: Mr. Hine, Mr. Lamb, Marashlian, Kanetis, Mr. Benlian

more courts to the college campus. Soon the Athletic Association organized the Tennis Club. Two new courts were to be constructed by the mutual help of the school and the members of the club.

Each member had to work eighteen hours and pay ten drachmaes. With Marashlian as president, Kanetis as secretary and treasurer, Mr. Hine council adviser, Mr. Lamb coach, and Mr. Benlian council adviser, the Tennis Club began its activities.



## Varsity Tennis



Left to right: Broun, Faraljian, Marashlian, Evmerides, Eliades M.

We owe a lot to our council advisers and specially to Mr. Hinc who took the pains of much surveying for the leveling of the new tennis courts.

This year's tournament was divided into two categories.

After a hard competition Hancmoglou was declared the champion of the first category, Evmerides came second and Marashlian third. Each of these players won a prize.

In the second category Pazionis was declared the champion while Gaitantjis was second and Topalian third. The first received a medal, the second and the third diplomas.

Soon we plan to have an inter-class championship and hope that again the mighty sophomores will win the victories. Later we plan to have an inter-scholastic championship in tennis with the Italian school, the French school and our school represented.

The council of the Tennis Club has done its best and wishes good success to the council of the coming year in directing the activities of the club.

H. Marashlian  
President

## Αθλητικὸν Διοικητικὸν Ἑμβούριον Ἀπολογισμὸς 1929-1930

Τὸ φετεινὸ μας διοικητικὸ συμβούλιον, ἂν καὶ ὄχι τόσο δραστήριον ὅσο θὰ ἔπρεπε, ἔκαμε καὶ αὐτὸ κατὰ πᾶν «ν' ἀξίῃ τὸν κόπον» νὰ τοῦ ἀφιερῶθῃ μιὰ σελίδα στὸ "Anatolian".

Ἡ πρώτη του δουλειὰ μὲν ἐξελέγη ἦτο, ὅπως καὶ πάντα, νὰ διοργανώσῃ καὶ προκηρύξῃ, μετὰ τὴν σειρὰν των, τὰ πρωταθλήματα ποδοσφαίρου, καλαθοσφαίρου, καὶ πετοσφαίρου εἰς τὰ ὅποια νικητρία ἀνεδείχθη ἡ τάξις τῶν τελειοφρουνούντων τῷ 1930.

Μετὰ τὴν σειράν των τὸ συμβούλιον προκήρυξε καὶ τὸ ἐσωτερικὸ ἀνώμαλον δρόμον (4.500 μ.) Ἐπίσης τὸ συμβούλιον μας εἶχε νὰ σκεφθῇ καὶ νὰ ἐκτελέσῃ πράγματα τὰ ὅποια εἶχαν ξεχασθῇ γιὰ δύο καὶ τρία μάλιστα χρόνια, καὶ αὐτὰ ἦσαν οἱ ποδηλατικοὶ ἀγῶνες οἱ ὅποιοι καὶ ἔγιναν μετὰ μεγάλη ἐπιτυχίαν.

Ἐπίσης δὲν παρόλειψε νὰ δηλώσῃ συμμετοχὴν στὸ πρωτάθλημα καλαθοσφαίρου μετὰ τῶν σχολῶν τῆς Μέσης ἐκπαίδευσεως, ὅπου, ἂν καὶ ὄχι μετὰ μεγάλη εὐκολίαν, ἡ ὁμάς μας κατώρθωσε γιὰ τετάρτη φορὰ ν' ἀναδειχθῇ πρωταθλήτρια. Στὸν ἀνώμαλον δρόμον μετὰ τῶν σχολῶν πῆρε μέρος ἀλλὰ δυστυχῶς δὲν . . . ἐπέτυχε.

Γιὰ πρώτη φορὰ, φέτο τὸ συμβούλιόν μας ἱδρύσκει ἓνα καινούριον σύλλογον γιὰ τοὺς τεννίστας, τὸ Tennis Club.

Γιὰ τὰς 17 Μαΐου διωργάνωσε ἀθλητικοὺς ἀγῶνας μετὰ τὴν Γεωργικὴν Σχολήν, γιὰ τὰς 20 Μαΐου διωργάνωσε τοὺς ἀγῶνας πεντάθλου μετὰ τῶν τάξεων τοῦ σχολείου, γιὰ τὰς ἑορτὰς 12 Ἰουνίου διωργάνωσε τοὺς ἐτησίους ἀθλητικοὺς ἐσωτερικοὺς ἀγῶνας.

Ἐπροκήρυξε πρωτάθλημα σφαίρου βάσεως μετὰ τῶν τάξεων!

Τέλος, γιὰ ὅλα αὐτὰ ποὺ ἔκαμε καὶ μάλιστα γιὰ τὴν ἐπιτυχίαν του σ' ὅλα αὐτὰ τὸ συμβούλιον εὐχαριστεῖ θερμῶς τὸν διευθυντὴν τῆς σχολῆς κ. Κάρλ Κ. Κάμπτον, σύμβονλον τοῦ Συμβουλίου, ὁ ὅποιος μετὰ τὴν δραστηριότητά ποὺ τὸν διακρίνει, μετὰ τὴν καλὴν του συμβουλὴν κατέστησε τὸ Κολλέγιόν μας ἓνα ἀπὸ τὰ σπουδαιότερα ἀθλητικὰ κέντρα.

Ἐκ μέρους τῶν τελειοφρουνούντων 7 μελῶν τοῦ συμβουλίου εὐχόμεθα ὅπως ἐκεῖνοι οἱ ὅποιοι πρόκειται νὰ μᾶς ἀντιστατήσουν, φανοῦν ἀνώτεροι ἀπὸ μᾶς καὶ νὰ ὀδηγήσουν τὸ Κολλέγιόν μας, τὸ ὅποιο ἀφήνουμε γιὰ πάντα, σὲ δόξας καὶ νίκας

Ἀν. Μιζ. Γαληνός

Γεν. Γραμματεὺς.



*The Anabolian*  
*Honor A Men*



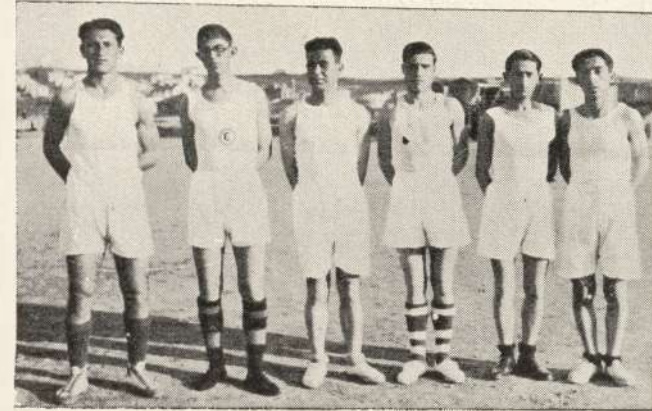
*Sport Lovers*



*Europa Football Team*



*The Anabolian*  
*Cross Country Team*



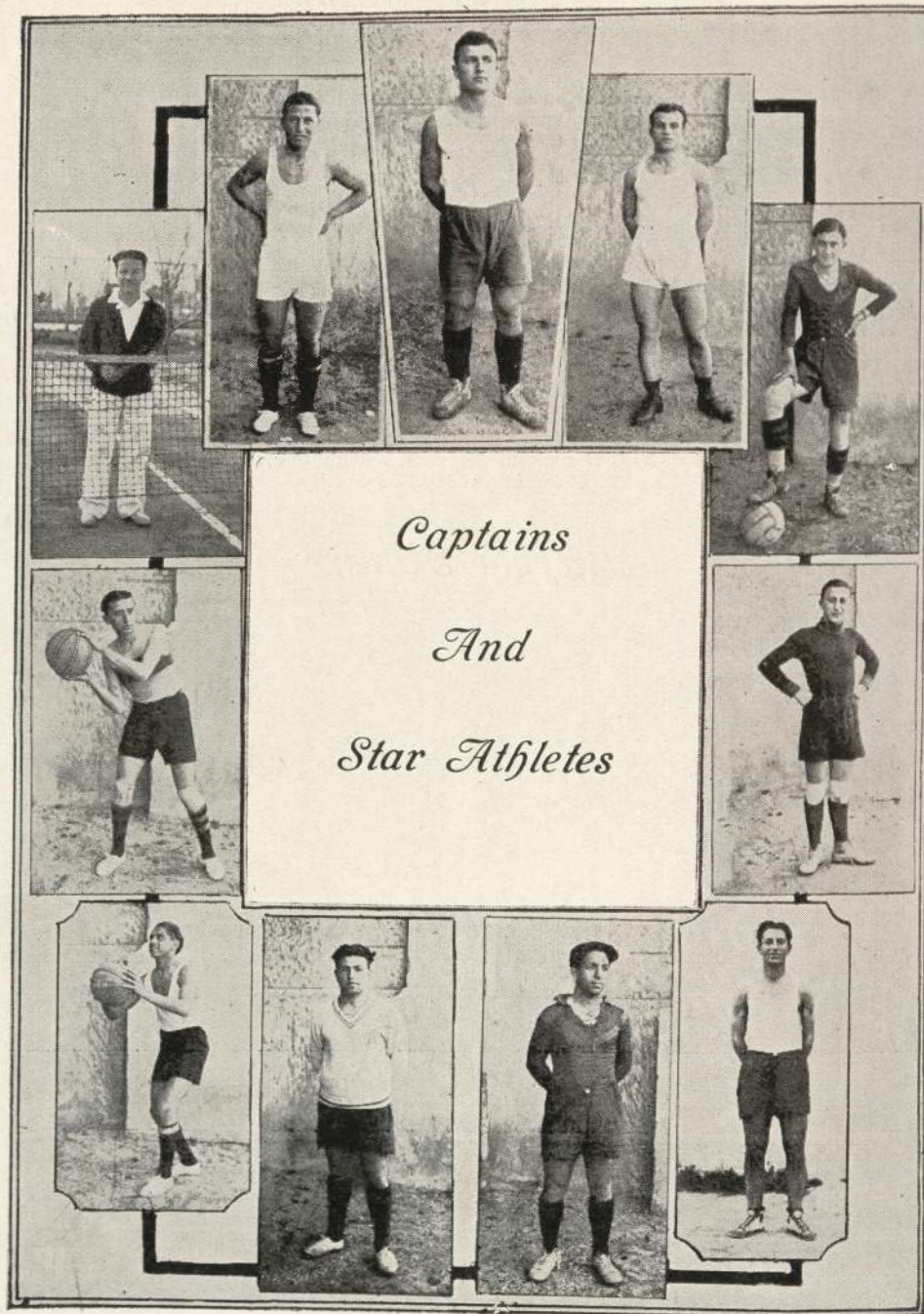
Left to right: Danielian, Moscott, Khachigian, Niflis,  
 Karadimou, Pavlides.

*Bicycle Racers*



Left to right: Mavrides, Theodorides, Cambouropoulos,  
 Zambakjian, Etyemezian, Hrair, Moscott J.







This year's basketball team showed such successful activity that it nearly overshadowed the other varsity teams of the school. Again our school was declared the champion in the interscholastic championship of Salonic.

We had an interesting basketball match with Athens College. Again, with a small difference, it was in favor of our school.

In Tennis we have planned many matches, stories of which may appear in the next year's Anatolian. After a week there will be held a field meet with the Farm School.

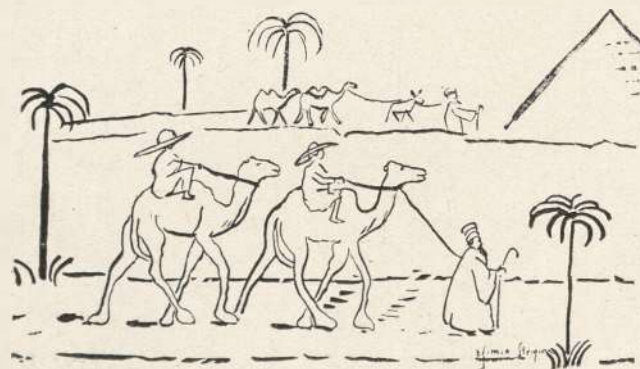
We had a bicycle race this year, too, in which a good many boys took part. The famous bicycle rider, Mavrides, was declared champion. Etyemezian came second and Zambakjian third.

In this year's cross-country race, Pavlides, a new star, and a member of first form, came first. And there are many "stars" to come to keep the level of the school higher and higher as the years pass on. Though each year our best players are leaving the school, be sure of this that new "stars" are appearing each year.

We have had a good many happy days in Anatolia college, but we will be more glad and feel happier when we hear from far away about the improvements and progress of our small brothers that are in the college.

Marashlian  
Athletic Editor

★ ★



*Alumni*  
1930



## *The Anatolia College Alumni Association*

After the great war Anatolia College migrated from her old home to Salonica, Greece. She was obliged to leave every material thing that she had including some books and other things of no great importance. Among the things left in Marsovan was the so-called Alumni Association. Though the Association remained there in name, its spirit and purpose went onward.

It was the thought of a few Junior Alumni (if you want to call them so, for they belong to the new college) to form or to organize the Alumni Association of the college. The idea was accomplished one evening when fourteen alumni with Dr. White laid the corner-stone of the Alumni Association. But, as is the case with every association, the membership was small during the early days which trace back to a period of only seven months or so. Gradually the membership increased, and is still increasing, so that we hope it will not be long before the majority of the four hundred alumni, whose addresses we are glad to know, will send in their requests to become members of the Association, the activities of which will keep them in touch with their Alma Mater and cause them to recollect some of the sweetest days of their boyhood, if not of their lives.

The purpose of our Association is, as our constitution says, "To keep the alumni of Anatolia College in touch with each other and their Alma Mater; to support their mutual interests and to foster their social and intellectual life." Means of achieving the above mentioned objectives are: the publication of the News; the plan of an education for one or two orphans; moral support; conferences; excursions and social gatherings. These will help us to have in the future a strong body of alumni, which may contribute toward the erection of a building, such as the library at Marsovan, and may build an association which will be an honor to our dear and most beloved Anatolia.

Badrig H. Benlian  
President

## *Cabinet of Alumni Association*



*Shavarsh Benlian  
Recording Secy.*



*Achilles Mouradoglu  
Vice President*



*Hatcher Hatcherian  
Treasurer*



*Badrig Benlian  
President*



*Prodromos Eberglou  
Corresponding Secy.*



*Socrates Iacovides  
Editor-in-Chief*



*Eleftherios Mengrelis  
Business Manager*



## *The Anatolia College News*

This is the name of the paper which the Anatolia College Alumni Association issues. It is a monthly publication through which the Association seeks to keep in touch with the graduates and ex-students of the college in Marsovan or Saloniki and with these who are interested in this way and others in our brotherhood, in the college, in its people, etc.

We believe the "News" will be of interest to those who desire to be kept posted on the various developments which are made in the new life of the college and its graduates after the long period of interruption in its career owing to the persecution which it underwent in Turkey as a Christian institution.

Dr. George E. White, president, and Mr. Dana K. Getchell, treasurer of the college, are contributing articles for the "News" regularly. Alumni contribute articles, and important friends have been desirous of writing for our paper. We trust the "News" will become a real link connecting us one to another, reminding us of the good old days, and renewing within us, now and then the happy remembrances of our school life.

All alumni and the former students of the college are entitled to join our fellowship and receive thus the "News" free. Any friends or readers of the "Anatolian" are welcome as subscribers. Subscription fee is fifty drachmas within Greece and one dollar for other countries.

This is, we trust, sufficient information to you on the "News". If you want more, let us know. If you want to receive the paper, drop us a line and we will try to supply you with the entire series.

Socrates Ch. Iacovides  
Editor-in-chief



*When Neophytes  
Write  
1930*



## *Who Is to be Blamed?*

by H. A. Kizilian, 30.

One Saturday afternoon, my friend Niko and I were walking through V— Street conversing. Niko, a shoe maker, held in his hand a few pairs of shoes which he was going to deliver to patrons. We went on our way and saw a curious scene. A high officer and his attendant were riding through the street and after them came a poorly dressed beggar who was wildly blaspheming their horses with all kinds of insulting words: "Be cursed! you criminal horses who were the cause of my mother's death."

As usual, a crowd quickly gathered to amuse themselves with this comic and yet tragic affair and not a few appeared eager to learn what the trouble was really about. Suddenly, a policeman appeared and exchanged a few words with the officer. After hearing what the latter had to say, he made a sign of approval and continued his way while the policeman scattered the crowd and sent the beggar to another street.

My friend, seeing my amazement at this drama, asked, "Haven't you heard the story of 'trello' (crazy) Marko, as they call him?" When I assured him I hadn't, he told me that except for the errands he would tell me right then; but that he must now be going on. "I promise to tell you all about it later."

On the following day, a bright Sunday, he fulfilled his promise.

\* \* \*

Marko was a refugee. He had come to Salonica from Asia Minor with his mother and beautiful wife. He had left his vineyards, fields, and property and had fled to Greece nearly naked. In Salonica, after being a simple day laborer with pick and shovel, he finally acquired a cart and became a driver. Since the money he gained was not enough for their living, his wife made embroideries and his mother became a washerwoman. Even then the sum of their earnings was not sufficient for food, clothing and what they needed. They were ashamed to

be seen at church in their old rags although for the most part they didn't care much about appearances.

One day Marko saw a fine coachman's horse of noble race worth from 30 to 40 thousand drachmae. He decided to steal the animal.

Three months later, with two other accomplices, he was imprisoned. I don't know for exactly how long he was there, but the crime was a serious one and he spent many long months surrounded by four dark walls. For the first few weeks his mother used to bring him food but always refused to speak with him. Whenever he looked at her face he felt the deepest sort of shame although she never spoke of his great sin, for her very silence set him to thinking and he realized that if she had known of his intentions she herself would have reported the matter to the police before his plan was under way. He could think of no justification for his act except his poverty.

He discovered, too, that his misconduct had caused intense misery to others besides himself. So he was always thoughtful and sad.

It was not long before his mother stopped coming and his wife was his only visitor. When he asked her about his mother she was at first able to give logical reasons for her absence. But on the fifth day, he perceived great sadness in his wife's face. At first she denied that there was any cause for sorrow, but finally broke down and cried. He contritely asked again, and through her tears came the murmur, "Our...mother.... is.....dead!" For the first time, despite their innumerable hardships, they wept together.

It seems that Marko's mother, hitherto known to the people as a righteous woman, found mocking scorn on every side when her son was sent to prison. Wherever she went, men and women would whisper after her, and neighbors refused to allow her to wash their clothes. At the fountain, former friends snubbed her and it was all too much to bear. She died, exhorting, "My dear son, let this be a lesson to you to be a better man than you were."

Deprived of seeing his mother for the last time, Marko felt pain such as the sharpest of sabers could not have given.... prison.....his mother dead! From that day on he was half crazy,



and when he was finally released, he had lost his physical power with his mental ability so that nobody gave him work.

He had at first believed what his wife told him, that his mother died from the effect of cold, but one day he overheard a conversation which convinced him that he himself was the cause of her death. After that he felt completely lost and spent dark, rainy nights at his mother's tomb, a huge inglorious clod. It was there that he condemned himself to death.

He tried to throw himself into the sea but was rescued, and his other attempts at suicide also failed. To his unbalanced mind it finally became clear that he must not be guilty and that it was really the horse who had caused his downfall and misery. From that day on he hated the species; called them criminals. Now there is little hope that he will live much longer.

Who is to be blamed for all this? Marko? the horse? or society?

★★

## *A Gallop to Waterloo*

By Hovig Etyemezian, 52

They were off, a band of thirty, on their gallop to Waterloo. All looked grave and stern, and not a single word slipped from their lips. It seemed as if they rode on some mission.

It was already daybreak and the sun shone brightly. Nothing disturbed the silence except the noise of the horses' hoofs. But from time to time the sweet songs of the birds and the chirp of the crickets were heard from the two sides of the road.

They had traveled two miles, and still this speechlessness continued. But at last, one, interrupting the silence, asked, "Le Grand, are we aiming for the mountain?" "Yes, Gaspard, as the Emperor ordered. There are the high mountain chains behind which is the plain of Waterloo. We must make the most of the levels, for we shall have quite a dangerous and irksome trip over there."

They passed on, and soon came to the mountain lines

from which they rode on steadily. But here the winding paths of the mountain-sides and the impenetrable forests made their progress a little harder.

Gaspard and Le Grand rode ever abreast, exchanging important words. "It seems to me," said Gaspard, "that something will befall us. I am worried." "O, Gaspard, do not think of that. Look! we are not far from Waterloo; in ten minutes we shall be on Belgian soil." "Ride faster my fellowman, a little faster yet!"

But these words did not appease Gaspard in the least although he was a formidable warrior, for he was also a statesman as well as being endowed with peculiar strategic abilities. "This side will not be successful anyhow," he muttered to himself.

For six hours they had ridden through all that arid waste without a pause; and besides, their horses suffered much from thirst and hunger. It was cruel to push on, but it was cowardice to stay.

So, in the evening, when the last beams of the sun were reflected over the mountains, they had gone into Belgium about five miles.

The thirty heroes with their beloved companions would share the most sorrowful fate ever feared! They thought an army of their own forces would follow and protect them. That army failed to arrive until the following day, June 18th, and with the others of the Emperor's host, the gallant troop of riders fell, victims to death in the battle in which Napoleon was so badly defeated.

★★

## *After Snowfall*

By Aram R. Donikian, 50

I have been out walking in the covered stillness of my garden, in the soft, newly-fallen snow.

I went down the garden path where you could not see the fascinating flower-beds in which I had put my soul, working day and night, and thinking of ultimate pleasures as I watched them morning and evening.



I was now orphaned of my primroses which come out after the twilight in the clearness of the moon, and the purple moths hovering around. I was orphaned now of my colorful cuplike bulbs, which I would caress tenderly every morning before I went away to my office.

I found my red rose bushes (and red is my favorite color) heavy laden with white snow, bowing their branches down to the ground. Where were my red, velvet like roses which I would show proudly to my friends?

I found on my path down through the garden some bird-tracks like delicate traces of fine embroidery, tiny stitches placed neatly one before another.

Now the bobolinks had stopped singing their sweet gay songs; their nests were emptied of their broods. Where were the blue jays that would people my garden? They were all gone now.

As if by a sudden waving of a magical wand all had turned white, covered with soft snow. I could not see even my small pond and my sprinkling fountain.

Silence all around...

I have been out walking in the covered stillness of my garden, heavy laden with the soft, newly-fallen snow.

★★

## *The Charity of the Poor*

By Evangelos P. Nystis, 31

It was a cold December night. The sky was burdened with heavy, threatening clouds which covered the small village and plunged it into a depressing darkness. Streets were covered with a thick layer of snow and occasional flakes continued to fall here and there like tiny butterflies.

The devout, dressed in their new suits and warm woollens, were on the way to the church to attend the divine service of Christmas.

At the entrance to the church a small ragged beggar was standing. He stretched out his small hand and looked with a plaintive air at the faces of those who entered. Each person who

entered gave him a coin and a greeting. All the people recognized him as the little orphan with expressive eyes, and knew that he lived all alone under the old abandoned bridge at the far end of the village. At the church he always stood aside from the other urchins, not because he disdained them, but because he liked to be alone.

When the liturgy was finished, he set off for his dwelling. As he walked along, he noticed a small boy playing in the snow near the corner of a dwelling. He approached and saw that the little fellow was smaller than himself, and not really playing there but benumbed by the cold, being half naked and entirely bare footed. His face was pale, but he had a strange air as of divine calmness and sweetness.

Seeing misery so much greater than his own, the orphan felt his heart tighten with sorrow yet soften by pity. For a moment he stayed there motionless, looking at the boy and forgetting himself. Suddenly, he sprang up as if awakened from a dream, took the boy in his arms, brought him to a nearby house and tenderly set him down on the stairs. Then he took off his own shoes and put them on the little waif, certain that some member of the household would soon find and take care of him. He ran home and soon fell asleep, very happy because of his good deed.

When he awoke in the morning, he stared with astonishment at a new pair of shoes which were set down beside his bed. Inside each, he saw, there was a heap of coins. He counted them out—50 drachmae.

Had God brought him the money, or had some rich man seen his kind act? He could not explain it all, but tears filled his eyes as he thought how happy the little friend must be in his new home.

★★

## *The Eternal Palace of Knowledge*

By H. Nicolaides, 30

After much wandering about and long travel, I reached the place where the thrilling palace stood. It rose in the midst



of lovely woods, and nearby, brooks were murmuring as they trilled along with their endless song which enchanted the bright little fish that chased each other, while overhead the unwritten symphony of the birds filled the air.

Then I entered the garden in which the magnificent palace rose to dazzling heights. At the sight I stood spellbound, gazing, for I had never imagined a building of such astounding height. I tried but could not succeed in counting the stories.

Suddenly, I was appalled by the appearance at my side of an old man with long white beard and white garments.

"Who are you? What do you want in this place?"

"I am Youth. My purpose is to visit this Eternal Palace of Knowledge; I am very glad to see it."

"You are too young, my boy, and I am afraid you will not understand what you will visit," the old man said gently.

"But I am sure that I will understand everything because I have studied for many years in a college. Besides, because of world progress, any college graduate can tell you about anything you like. I am very sure of that."

"My boy, you are ignorant and self-conceited!"

"I'm afraid you misunderstand me...."

"No, you are too self-confident. That's your great fault. You should be open-minded."

"That's your opinion, but in reality...."

"Come on now if you want to visit the palace. I can't hold discussions with you all day."

Then he led me to the first story. It was a large hall beautifully furnished with statues of men and animals, all manner of pictures, and I noticed in particular the manuscripts and the shelves of books.

I began to examine everything eagerly, but what did I see? a bull, a sun, and a cat! "This is not knowledge," I murmured. "Undoubtedly this place is a museum." Of this fact I was further convinced when I recognized Zoroaster, Buddha, and Confucius. Among others I noticed a blind singer with open mouth. In the corner 12 men and women were sitting at a table. I was much amazed when I saw a huge animal with wings. At one side a man held in his hands two plates with the words, "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS."

I did not like the first hall so I went up to the second story.

This hall was larger than the first, but contained the same order of things. Statues and pictures—I walked from one end to the other reading the names printed below, "Astronomer," "Inventor," "Discoverer" etc. I particularly examined an awkward statue of a philosopher. I tried to find wherein his genius lay, but could discover only one sentence: "I know one thing; that is, I don't know anything." I thought, "What has he to do in the Palace of Knowledge when he knows nothing. It is preposterous." I was becoming truly disdainful.

Another picture had a queer caption that read like this:

"The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep."

"Bah! What business has a shepherd got here!"

"Fool!" cried the old man, "is this all you understand of everything? Can't you even recognize the Shepherd of Mankind? I have been watching you from the time that you came in and I have found you ignorant as a child. But you dare to speak of progress. You seem to have spent your time idling here and there, learning only the names of literary men and merely the outline of the elements of science. And with this you think you have discovered the mystery of the world! You think you know everything, but I will show you your ignorance!"

Then he led me out of the building to a mound from which we had a clear view of the huge structure.

"Do you see those countless stories?"

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, each of them contains new things which are a thousand times more astonishing and greater than the ones your learned teachers know. When you boast you are like a baby mocking a giant."

"Please let me visit them. I shall be much indebted to you."

"That is absolutely impossible, for the halls are locked. But the keys are among men and the building is always open to the one who can find them. What I want you to notice now is the height of the halls you have visited as compared to the whole; like a drop of water to the ocean—and the difference is what you don't know!"

"And one thing more, Youth, know that the more you progress, the more your ignorance will be revealed to you."

With these last words the old man disappeared.



## *How the City Was Saved*

By K. Markarian, '33

All the people in the town were oppressed by the bandits and the battle between a squadron of soldiers and the robber company was incessant. Fierce fighting over a period of 15 days only brought further victory to the bandits who fought from the shelter of the woods.

At last the commander of the squadron said to his soldiers: "Disguise yourselves and do not speak until I give word." The commander also disguised himself and then went into the forest. At once the bandits captured him and took him to their chief.

"Varlet! Why are you strolling about here? Are you a fellow outlaw desirous of joining our troop?"

"Sir, let me relate my story. I have a group of bandits too, but now we have been routed and are pressed by the soldiers. For that reason I am seeking shelter. If you want, let my troops also join your group."

The chief accepted, saying, "Go and bring your squadron." The commander went and bade his soldiers to scatter among the traitors and to be ready to shoot and massacre at the signal.

When they arrived, the chief with all his bandits, leaving their arms to one side, greeted the new arrivals heartily.

Suddenly, the commander, leveling his revolver, shot the chief, and the massacre began. Soon the fray was over, and the leader was able to have all the stolen goods carried back to the city where the people hailed his remarkable success with delight.

★★

## *The Faithful Keeper*

By N. Gemenedjis, '32

The wind blows fiercely. The sea is terribly wild and waves are breaking on the coast with a terrible roar. Far in the distance the beam of the light-house guides ships in the safe

channel, warning them of the danger they run of the sharp rocks.

In his house the keeper quietly eats supper with his family while the force of the wind makes the doors and windows creak. It seems that peace and happiness reign in this small home.

They have just finished their supper and they sit around the table speaking quietly when a noise is heard from the outside. The keeper goes out quickly and after some moments returns with a sad pale face.

"The lamp is broken and we have no other here. The light has gone out and the lives of so many men traveling out there are in danger. I must hurry to the city to get a new lamp."

"Are you mad, my husband? Don't you see what time it is? Midnight has already passed and the sea is wild. You yourself have said that great ships are in danger, and how would you dare now to travel in this small boat that we have? Let us wait until tomorrow and let God help those who are in danger."

"But I can't wait. It is my duty to protect travelers, and until now I have never failed them. I will do my best to get a lamp this very night."

So saying, the good keeper climbed into the little barque and departed. Neither moon nor star was to be seen in the dark sky, while the fierce wind and the dancing waves made it hard to keep the boat righted, but the distance to shore was not more than four miles. Half an hour of superhuman effort was enough to reach it. He hurried to get repairs and was soon ready for the return.

The wind now blew more savagely than ever and the waves were larger and stronger than before. For a moment the keeper hesitated, but the thought that some accident was likely to happen brought him to consciousness of the situation and he embarked in the small craft and started out for the tower. He knew that there was little hope of reaching the lighthouse but he trusted in God and began to row with all his might against the increasing fury of the weather.

He had covered more than three miles and was sure that he would reach home in safety when a huge wave suddenly turned his boat upside down and he found himself in the water.



The controlling thought in his mind at that moment was to save the lamp. He grasped it with one hand and swimming with the other arm and kicking vigorously with his legs he at last reached the rocky reef on which the tower was built.

He rushed up the ladder to the top, and soon the warning light was again shining out to sea, faithfully cautioning ships against the danger of the rocks. Trembling with cold and wet, he returned below and seated himself at the fire, content in the knowledge that he had not failed in his duty. Soon he fell into a happy sleep.

The peace and contentment of the family which had been disturbed by that incident was again restored.



## *The Phonograph*

By T. Lazarides, '31

It was mother's birthday. Every one of us five children had prepared a little present and mother was looking them over trying to guess from whom each gift came when a knock was heard at the door and a commissionaire carrying a large box came in.

"Is this the place where Mr. B—lives?" he asked, and on receiving an affirmative answer he left the large parcel and withdrew.

As soon as the door was closed we children rushed over to the box trying to guess what was inside. Then John fetched a hammer and soon the lid was torn off.

The first thing we saw was a packet of 20 phonograph records carefully placed in the straw. When all the records had been extricated, there came to view a fine Victrola, a gift which certainly no one of us expected.

At first mother did not believe there was an instrument in the box; not even when she saw the flat black disks. It was only when we actually took the phonograph out that she could believe it was a reality. Then we carried out the box and the straw while she wound up the spring and put on one of the records to play.

Oh! what a wonderful time we had. As the eldest I was allowed to wind up the machine but not to put new records on. "For," as mother said, "you'll spoil them." So we all five of us stood watching eagerly for a piece to finish and ready to call mother to put a new one on.

Mother sat near the fire thinking, and there was a happy smile on her face. She was trying, as she afterwards told us, to remember some friend of her youth who could have given this phonograph, for none of our present acquaintances could have sent such an expensive present.

An hour or two passed and we had played over nearly every piece when suddenly a knock was heard at the door and the same commissionaire entered.

"Excuse me, Madame, but I made a mistake in the address. I am so sorry."

Mother became pale and for half a minute answered nothing. Then she said, "Alright, repack it and take it away."

But we children did not mean to give it up so easily. While I was trying to think of some ruse to keep it, little sister openly shouted: "Don't give it back! It's ours. Dad will come now!"

"No, my child," said mother, "let him take it away. It is not ours."



## *To Live in Peace*

By Varhachag Tozalakian, '35

There was once an advocate by the name of Vabeto whose general aspect suggested the age of 30 but whose silky white hair proclaimed him to be 70. He was gentle as a dove, but wise as an owl. His long, well shaped head was well set off, but his nose was long and sharp and there were many long, tortuous lines on his face like many rivers on a mountain side.

This lawyer decided to give a great banquet for his friends in celebration of his seventieth birthday. When the anniversary day came, he prepared a long table to which many noble guests



were invited: authors, politicians, lawyers, and newspaper editors.

The feast started off with many felicitations for his health, and Mr. Vabeto, surrounded by a circle of close friends, began to speak of many deep subjects.

After dinner the fair ladies and their children gathered separately in one part of the room and the gentlemen in the other. Then Mr. Vabeto stood up in the midst of his friends and made a speech which has become historic. His speech was this:

"My friends, the most difficult and important problem of our age is this: how can we live in peace? Now, just how can we solve this question? Since you are all leaders in your profession, you must have some ideas worth hearing. I have brought a silver cup which will be presented to the man making the most intelligent answer. Are you agreed?"

"Yes, yes! That is a wonderful idea," shouted all the gentlemen!

First, a great literary man came forth and made his speech in this manner:

"We can live in peace when all the governments in the world are reconciled with each other and agree to disarm. If there is sympathy and friendship among peoples the problem is as good as solved."

"What do you say?" Mr. Vabeto asked of an editor.

"I don't agree that peace is possible. The demands of peace are so much more difficult of achievement than those of war that peace is impossible. We can never stop warring!"

"Now, the turn is yours," and Mr. Vabeto turned to the famous politician.

"A steadfast and peaceful accord can be maintained by partnership, friendship—"

"No! No!" a shrill voice was making itself heard above that of the speaker.

Everyone became silent.

"I know a better thing than that!" and all eyes were turned upon little John, eight year old child who was sitting on his mother's lap.

"When all the people of the world are as kind, as lovely,

as humble, as honest as my mother is, there will be no war, nation against nation."

Mr. Vabeto turned in surprise away from the group of great men, thought for a brief moment, and then amid the acclaim of the guests presented the clever boy with the prize.

★ ★

## *Silent Night*

By C. Chrisrides, '31

An enchanting silver veil covered nature that beautiful night while every human being in the vast creation of God was cast into a deep silent sleep. High up in the sky the moon, encircled by her silvery rays, seemed amazed at the beautiful spectacle as she silently floated through the heavens.

Every creature was silent; no one dared destroy the mysterious calm which spread its wings over nature. Silent beauty inspired fear and awe in every creature. High up in their airy nests, the birds huddled together, silent and startled, while the beasts in the woods and caves were dumb as they witnessed the scene. Silence! silence everywhere except for the mild, caressing breeze which lightly touched the leaves as it whispered its endless song of love.

★ ★

## *The Lord's Prayer*

By Arsham Baronvartian, '33

This story took place in the southern part of Arabia.

There were two villages there whose inhabitants were violently hostile. A missionary happened to take up residence in one of them and many of the boys therefore learned a little English.

On a bright summer morning a group of school boys from the missionary's village set out on a hike towards the deep forest far from home. All day long they played, sang, and enjoyed themselves.



As they were preparing to return in the evening, they suddenly heard a shout and found themselves surrounded by a large group of older boys from the rival clan. There was no way of escape, and fearing that they were due for a sound beating, they were forced to merely wait in their places.

Just as their antagonists arrived, one of the boys conceived an idea. He whispered to the others that they must begin to repeat the Lord's Prayer in a conversational tone. Each boy in his turn began to repeat mechanically three or four words.

Their enemies, hearing these boys speaking English, were afraid they had made a mistake and were attacking visitors from another country; and so after listening for some time, they went away. At this point the picnickers had said the prayer for the fourth time, but they continued the repetition until their enemies were out of sight.

Therefore, their sagacity plus the Lord's Prayer saved them from a sound beating.

★ ★

## *Fate*

By Taft Mardirossian, '30

Very pleasant children they were, living as though every good thing was created only for them. They were of high birth: Katherine, daughter of the king; and Peter, son of a lord. Every day they met in the royal garden and played together. There amid the falling blossoms of the flowering trees they decorated themselves in such a way as to resemble human flowers.

Years passed and out of childhood's friendship grew mature love. Katherine was to be Peter's bride on some distant morrow, and as they wandered through the mist of the garden only the moon could see the true depth of their romance.

But their fathers were bitter enemies, they realized on this last evening together, and they knew that the king was conspiring to have the lord and his family exiled the next day. They had met at the appointed place on the balcony, however, and spent a last wonderful evening together although their

final adieu was a most touching moment. They swore that however distant the day, they would some time meet again when Peter returned to claim his bride.

Many years of hardship in exile brought death to every member of the family except the youthful Peter in whose heart the flame of love still burned brightly. Recollecting his promise of former years, he finally decided, "The time has come. I shall go back and marry Katherine."

After a long journey he reached the palace one dark night and was pleased to hear sounds of music and rejoicing everywhere.

"What is going on here?" he asked of a passer-by.

"Why, don't you know the story of our princess?"

"No, but I should like to hear it."

"Well, they say the princess once had a lover for whom she waited in vain for a long time. He never came, and now under the compulsion of her father she is being married tomorrow to another prince."

"The music is very lovely."

"Oh yes, for this is the night of the ball, and the new prince will dance with the princess."

Peter shook his head and entered the palace. He proceeded to the hall from which the music was coming while his heart beat rapidly and all sorts of mad ideas came to him. A few seconds later he found her dressed in silk and dancing smoothly with the prince. Her head was leaning on his shoulder and she looked extremely lovely to Peter. Suddenly their eyes met and at a glance they read each other's heart.....

(Editor's note: In writing this story, Mr. Mardirossian has followed the modern style and leaves the ending to the imagination of the reader.)

★ ★





## One of My Happiest Days

By A. Dombalian, '33

Trees were almost naked and the autumn flowers withered, but on a certain fall morning my friend and I determined to go on a hike into the beautiful forest that surrounded our village. We tied up our luncheon packages and started out.

After finally reaching our destination we sat down under a huge tree. Having found that the long trip had deprived us of our strength, we decided first of all to have a nap for a while in the fresh air. I spread out my overcoat and was ready to lie down when a sweet melody disturbed the silence of the thick forest.

"Listen Arsham!" I cried to my friend who was already sound asleep. We both peered in the direction from which the music came and finally discerned a shepherd sitting under a large tree whose boughs bent down as though trying to keep the melody within.

"Oh! I think I know him," said my friend. "He is one of the shepherds for our village chief."

"But listen, Arsham.....! he plays one of those popular tunes we used to sing so long ago in our village school. Where do you suppose he has picked it up? Come on! let's go and talk with him."

"Oh no, I won't come. I am so tired that I can hardly move my legs. You'd better go alone."

"All right."

A few minutes later I had arrived at the place where the fellow sat and was looking straight into his eyes.

For a moment I was petrified, for he was none other than one of our old classmates—one of the boys whom the teacher had expelled years ago before we had all been forced to leave the country as refugees.

"Arshag....."

"Armen....."

We embraced again and again and began to tell each other incidents of the years that had passed since we were so happy together in our old school life.

Trees were almost naked and the autumn flowers withered.

★ ★



## A Salonica Boot-black

By P. P. Theodorides, '33

As you see him sitting on his little stool at the Charilaos station you can easily distinguish his irritability, for a few minutes conversation with him will show his gruff voice and manner. His head is supported by a dirty neck and covered with a cap set obliquely; and two nervous hands always seem to be withheld by his pockets with some difficulty. His weak body is covered with rags much the color of his daubing cloths, for he continually wipes his hands on his garments. However, his shoes are always brilliantly shined, for that is his trade.

As you pass along you will hear him calling, "Here is the craftsman! Here is the true craftsman!" but if a customer with dirty feet comes to his stand you can see him frowning.

One day I was standing at the station and I saw him disputing with a customer. As I went closer I heard the man demanding, "What kind of a shine do you call that? You're hopeless as a boot-black!"

"Aw, you run home and wash your feet. I couldn't do a good job because I've been near to bursting from the horrible stench."

If you want to sharpen his ambition, you can easily do so by criticizing his work. At the time, however, he will not tolerate your jibes for long and is soon ready to quarrel.

He is always putting clever, or rather, malicious thoughts into action, and if you don't watch him closely he'll always keep the 50 leptas or so change from the money you give him. When he succeeds, he counts himself very clever in cheating his customers.

When another fellow of his profession takes away one of his regular customers, he waits until the worker has finished and then breaks out in stormy protest. You often see him standing straight up from his stool, insulting, clenching his fists and looking at his enemy with open eyes red with dust and anger as he prepares to start a fight.

★ ★





## *The Birds and My Home*

Krikor Garabedian, '31

Frequently I used to sit down near my window and look out at the beauty and love of mother nature. I found it quite difficult to solve the mystery of her admirable and inspiring exhibition of beauty.

The house in which I was living was surrounded by an excellent formal garden full of various colors of graceful rose-bushes and other flowering plants. All these were arranged in good order, each species having its separate beds. The flowers were so delicate that the gentle breeze bent the stems low so that they seemed to be exchanging kisses with diamond-like dew while the freshness of the morning pervaded everything. It sometimes seemed as though the early rays of the dawn came in answer to the prayers and confessions of these bowing suppliants.

Among the wonders of my garden stood an evergreen tree with a lovely nest in its branches. There a mother bird hatched three eggs and there were soon three hungry mouths for the parent birds to feed.

Almost every day I used to sit among the fragrant flowers and listen to the song of the birds which seemed like that of a well organized, harmonious chorus. Day after day I used to listen to their sweet songs, soft as the crooning of a mother to her baby.

One spring night I heard a most heart-rending noise in the garden. I rushed out to the evergreen tree and found that someone had stolen away the parent birds to put them in a cage while the little ones were left all alone.

My heart was torn with grief as I thought of how it would be if a human mother were taken away to be imprisoned while the baby remained in the cradle.

Alas! will mankind never learn the true affinity of human beings with nature? Will these despoilers of family life among the birds never realize that the songs of imprisoned birds are but curses?

★ ★

## *A Ride*

By H. Musurlian, '32

The war continued as terribly as before.

Just a few miles away from the circle of fighting stood three generals consulting. Two of them could not have been older than 30, but the third was a grizzled fighter of 50. It was the older man who now spoke:

"We must send a messenger for help, for I see that the enemy is overwhelming us."

The other two nodded since no other proposal seemed to fit the demands of the moment, and turning aside, the general whistled twice. An aide-de-camp came rushing up, halted, and saluted his superiors.

"Take this note, Jerry, and carry it to General Smith as soon as possible. Don't stop, but take your horse and be off at once."

The messenger saluted briskly and hurried to the place where his horse stood a little distance away. He mounted in a single leap, grabbed for the reins, and spurred the horse's flanks. The animal galloped away at a speed which would have tested the wings of many a bird.

A past plain lay before horse and rider with St. George mountain the single object that rose to any height. There was no need to urge the steed on since his feet scarcely touched the ground. Even when the ground became rocky a little later on and there was scarcely a foothold, the horse continued to gallop; the slim feet devoured the distance. Ten miles further and they would reach the goal.

But once at the foot of Mount St. George, the rider turned away from the regular road and up a side path which was steep and continually became more and more difficult. But there was not a moment's hesitation because of need for water and rest, and the noble creature gave no sign of suffering and not once offered to halt.

At last the messenger reached the pass of St. George, and a mile before stood General Smith's camp. Worn by fatigue, the mount could scarcely walk, but seeming to realize the importance of the message, was off in a frenzy.



Five minutes later horse and rider had reached camp. The army was saved, but the noble steed lay dead at his master's feet.

★ ★

## *A Salonica Letter*

Anatolia College,  
Charilaos, Salonica,  
March 13, 1930.

Dear Folks at Home;

A few days ago I climbed up the Hill of the Seven Towers to where the oldest section of Salonica is found. It is this part of the city that I like best because it is the most picturesque. The streets, which are without sidewalks, are so narrow that the roofs of the opposite houses almost touch, while the houses themselves are built in the old Turkish style. Great windows rise above walls washed with light blue and red coloring. It is indeed interesting to see these old homes which bring to mind the delightful, mysterious East, the source of so many beautiful legends.

As I looked at many of the houses, I saw covering the windows what the Turks call "coffesses" (shutters) which used to prevent people passing by from seeing the women of the harems. Occasionally I noticed on doors the crescent and the star, symbols of the Turkish conquest.

From higher points on the hill the view was magnificent. One does not need to wish for an aeroplane from which to survey the tile roofs and the winding streets.

In my next letter I mean to tell you about the Byzantine monuments and the city walls as well as some of the fine old churches of which there are 20 representing the various phases in the development of Byzantine art.

Love to everybody at home and best regards to all my friends.

Your loving son,  
Thanos Mengrelis

★ ★

## *Editor's Notes*

Perhaps it would not be out of place here to make a few remarks relative to the pieces which you have just glanced through. There are few activities in our school which give equal opportunity for so many students to participate as do "The Aurora" and "The Anatolian". The latter of course, is a year-book and it may puzzle some to know why, contrary to general rule, it contains a literary section. Possibly the soundest reason is that "The Anatolian" is a permanent record which in the future will show how the impulse to write better English in our college was fostered through the years.

We have made a special effort this year to improve the standard of the English section and have cooperated, therefore, with the English department in the collection and arrangement of manuscripts. No one has expected to find English masterpieces here, we hope, because in no case was English the mother tongue of the writer.

As for our prize competition, we are glad to announce that H. Kizilian is given the first award for his short story entitled "Who Is to Blame?".

We have done our best in choosing the most representative pieces from among the 110 submitted, and are very sorry to remark that due to the difficulty in rhyming and in connecting of thought, none of the boys were able to furnish poetry suitable for publication.

A. Donikian

★ ★

## *Εὐν Πρόλογος*

Γράφοντας τὴ σελίδα αὐτὴ χάρις ἓνα σύντομο ἀπολογισμὸ τοῦ ἐμήματος· τὸ ὅποιο ἀντιπροσωπεύομε μὲ τὸν φίλον Γεμεντζή καὶ τὸν καλὴν γῆν. Πῶς τσοῦνη.

"Υστερὰ ἀπὸ ἓνα διαγωνισμὸ τοῦ προζήρῳε τὸ Ἡμερολόγιον αὐτό, ἀντιπροσώπησαν σὰ χέρια μας 150 ἔργα. Κι' ὅσο πῶ πολλὰ ἦσαν τὰ ἔργα τόσο πῶ πολὺ πελαγόνισαν ἐμεῖς· γιὰτὶ βέβαια δὲν εἶναι εὐκόλο κανεὶς νὰ κριτικάρῃ. Ἐντοῦτ' ἐστὶ δουλιὰ αὐτὴ μᾶς βοήθησε πολὺ ὁ κ. Μιτσούνης, ἀνθρώπος μὲ ἐπαρμονίαν καὶ πῶν μπορεῖ νὰ διαβάζῃ καθε χειρὸς γράμματα, γιὰντὸ καὶ τὸν εὐχαριστοῦμε πολὺ.

"Ἐχὼ πῇ παραπάνω πῶς εἶχαμε τὸ δλο 150 κομμάτια. Ὁ ἀριθμὸς αὐτὸς ἀντιπροσώπενε μεγάλο ἀριθμὸ διηγημάτων, λίγα ποιήματα, περισσότερην σάτιραν, ἀρκετὰ μελέτες κ. α.

"Ἐμεῖς τὰ διαβάσαμε ὅλα καὶ αἰροῦ βάλαμε τὸ χέρι στὴν καρδιά μας, ἀποφασίσσαμε ποῖα θὰ τυπωθοῦν καὶ ποῖα θὰ βραβευθοῦν.

Μιὰ ματιὰ τώρα πῶν θὰ ρίξετε σὶδὸ παρατήρημά μας θὰ βοήθῃ κομμάτια πῶν ἀντιπροσωπεύουν σχεδὸν ὅλα τὰ εἶδη τῆς λογοτεχνίας. Κι' ἐν θὰ εἶχατε τὴν καλωσύνην νὰ τὸ διαβάσετε θὰ παρατηρήσετε πῶς καθε ἓνα ἔχει τὴν χάρι του. Τὸ πρῶτο μάλιστα εἶναι ἐξαιρετικὰ ὁρατὸ καὶ ἱρκακὸ μὲ ἴδια πολὺ πρωτότυπη. Γιὰντὸ καὶ βραβεύθηκε. Τὰ ἴδια μὲ τὸ δεύτερον καὶ τὸ τρίτον πῶν ἐπαινεθῆσαν. Νομίζομε πῶς θὰ ἐκτιμήσετε τὴν προσπαθειὰ μας νὰ παρασιώσωμε κατὰ τὸ καλὸ, καὶ ὁρατὸ ἀνάλογο μὲ τὴς δυνάμεις μας.

Γ' ΟΡΗΣ ΣΤΑΚΤ



## Ὁ Γέρο-ζητῆνος

...Πατέρα μου... "Όταν πιά τὸ κύμα πέρασε, ἡ ἀγκαλιά μου ἦταν ἄδεια....

Εἶχε πιά σκοτεινιάσει ὅταν μπήκα στὸ χωριό. Ὁ βοριάς, ποὺ ἐδῶ καὶ δυὸ μέρες κόντευε νὰ παγώσῃ καίθε ζωντανό, ξακολουθοῦσε νὰ φυσᾷ μανιασμένα. Ψυχὴ ζωντανὴ δὲ φαίνονταν στὸ δρόμο, μόνο κάποιον κάποιον κανένα ἀλήχτισμα σκ'λου ἀκούγονταν ἀπὸ μακριά. Τὸ χωριὸ ἦταν βυθισμένο σὲ βαθὺ σκοτάδι, ἀν καὶ ἦταν πολὺ ἄνωγς. Τράβηξα ἴσια στὸ χάνι ποὺ ἦταν στὴν ἄλλη ἄκρη του χωριοῦ. Μέσα σ'αὐτό, ποὺ ἦταν μαζί καὶ ταβέρνα, καμμιὰ δεκαριά χωριῖτες κάθονταν γύρω ἀπ'τὰ μικρὰ τετράγωνα τραπέζια κοιταποπίνοντας. Καλησπέρα. Πῆρα μιὰ καρέκλα κι'έκατσα σ'ἐνὰ τραπέζι, δίπλα τους.

Μὰ δὲν πέρασαν δέκα λεπτά κι' ἡ πόρτα τῆς ταβέρνας ἄνοιξε ἡσυχα-ἡσυχα κι'ένας γέρος κουρελιάρης κι'ἀδύνατος φάνηκε στὸ κεφάλει της. Ὁ γέρος ἄφρας ποὺ μπήκε μέσα μὲ τὸ ἄνοιγμα τῆς ἔκανε ὅλους μας νὰ στρέψουμε τὰ κεφάλια μας σ'αὐτήν.

— Καλῶς τὸ γέρο-ζητῆνο! φώναζαν ὅλοι μαζί, «κύπλισε μέσα ντέ; καὶ κλείσε τὴ πόρτα μὴ μᾶς κρυώσης.»... Βαγγέλη βάλε ἕνα κρασί γιὰ τὸ γέρο. Ὁ γέρος ἔκλεισε τὴν πόρτα καὶ μὲ τὰ χέρια κάτω ἀπ' τῆς μασχάρες, γιὰ νὰ ξεσταθοῦν, πῆρε μιὰ καρέκλα κι' ἔκατσε κοντὰ τους τρεμουλιάζοντας. Στὸ διάφανο πρόσωπό του δὲν ἔβλεpes τίποτ' ἄλλο ἀπὸ δυὸ θαμπὰ μαύρα μάτια κι'ἀπὸ μιὰ βαθύσκαφη ρυτίδα στὸ μέτωπο ποὺ φανέρωνε λύπη, πείνα, κακομοιριά...

— Πιὲ τὸ κρασί σου γέρο καὶ νὰ μᾶς πῆς τί ἔγινε ὕστερα σὰν σὰς πῆρε τὸ βαπόρι ἀπ'τόν Μ.....», εἶπε ἕνας. Ὁ γέρος σήκωσε τὸ ποτήρι μὲ τὸ κοκκαλιάρικο χέρι του, ἔβρεξε πρῶτα τὰ χεῖλιά του, κι'ἔπειτα τ'ἄδειασε μυνοροῦφι ὡς τὸν πάτο, τυλιχτηκε καλύτερα μὲ τὸ κουρελιασμένο του παλτό, καὶ μὲ φωνὴ σιγανὴ ποὺ μόλις ἀκούγονταν ἄρχισε.....

— Ἀνακατωμένος κι'ἐγὼ μέσα σ'ἐνὰ χείμαρρο ἀπ' ἀνθρώπους μὲ τὸ μικρό μου στὴν ἀγκαλιά, τὸ μόνο ἀπομεινάρει ἀπ' τὴν οἰκογένειά μου, ἔτρεχα κατὰ τὴν παραλία ὥσπου τέλος, χωρὶς κι' ἐγὼ νὰ τὸ καταλάβω, βρεθῆκα πάνω στὸ βαπόρι Ἀντρος-Θεμιστοκλῆς; δὲ θυμοῦμαι καλά τ'ὄνομά του. Σὰ βρεθῆκα πάνω ἡ πρώτη μου δουλειὰ ἦταν νὰ φέρω μιὰ γυρο στὸ κατὰστρωμα μὲ τὴν ἐλπίδα νὰ δῶ κανέναν ἀπ' τοὺς δικούς μου, ἄδικα ὅμως...οὔτε εἶδα, οὔτε θ'ἄβλεπα ξανά... Ἀφ'οὗ λοιπὸν κ' ἡ τελευταία μου ἐλπίδα χάθηκε ὅλη μου ἡ φροντίδα στράφηκε στὸ γινώσκει μου. Βοήθα μιὰ γωνιά κοντὰ στὸ φρουγάρι κι' ἐκεῖ τὸν ἐβαλα νὰ κοιμηθῇ ἀν μεσα σὲ κάτι μαγκιῶνα. Ἐκατσα δίπλα του καὶ συλλογιζόμουν. Ἦταν περασμένα μεσάνυχτα, τὸ βαπόρι ετοιμαζόνταν νὰ σαλπάρῃ τὴν ἀγκυρα, ὅταν ξαφνικὰ ἕνας δυνατὸς ἀλλαγμὸς ἀνακατωμένος μὲ γυναικεῖς τσιρίδες καὶ κλάματα ἀκούστηκε ἀπὸ τὴν παραλία. «Ἐφτασε ὁ Κεράλ καὶ σφάζει», ψυθίρισα μέσα μου

κι'ἔσφιξα τὸ παιδί στὴν ἀγκαλιά μου δυνατύτερα. Τὸ βαπόρι ξεκίνησε... Σὲ λίγο εἴμασταν ὅζω στ'ἀνοιχτά. Ὁ καιρὸς συλλογισμένους... Ὁ οὐρανὸς ὅλο σύννεφα, ἡσυχὴ ὅμως ἡ θάλασσα...καὶ τὸ βαπόρι προχωροῦσε κανονικά μᾶλο του τὸ δρόμο γιὰ τὴ Θεσσαλονίκη...

Τὴν ἄλλη μέρα σὰ ξυπνήσαμε ἡ ἀγαπημένη παραλία τῶν Μ... δὲ φαίνονταν πιά... Ὁλὴ τὴ μέρα τὴν πέρασα κουβεντιάζοντας μὲ κάτι πατριῶτες γιὰ τὴ μεγάλη συμφορὰ ποὺ μὲ βόηκε. Σερβιανίζαμε τὰ νησιά, ποὺ περνούσαμε δίπλα τους, καὶ τ'ἄφριναμε πίσω, σὰ γιγάντιες χελῶνες στὴν ἐπιφάνεια τῆς θάλασσας. Τὰ δελφίνια παρβγαίνανε στὸ δρόμο μὲ τὸ βαπόρι, καὶ μιὰ τὸ περνοῦσαν καὶ μιὰ ἔμεναν πίσω χωρὶς νὰ μποροῦν νὰ τὸ ξαναφτάσουν.

Τὸ βράδυ-βράδυ φάνηξε νοτιά μὲ μιὰ ψιλλὴ βροχή. Κατεβήκαμε καίτοι στ'ἀπ'αὐτοὶ ποὺ ἦταν κι'ἄλλοι. Τὴ νύχτα ὁ καιρὸς χάλασε στὰ γερά. Πελώρια κύματα, ἀφρισμένα, ὑψώνονταν καὶ χαμῆλωναν πνιζόντας τὸ βαπόρι σὰν κυρτόταψο. Τὸ σκοτάδι ἦταν πνιγνό... ἰσχυρὲς ὥστόσο τὸ διασκέζανε ἡ μιὰ πάνω ἀπ' τὴν ἄλλη... Ὁ κόσμος ἄρχισε νὰ φοβάται, ν'ἀπελπίζεται. Ὁ τρόμος εἶταν ζωγραφισμένος σ'ὅλων τὰ πρόσωπα. Κακὸ στιχεῖο παρακολοῦθοῦσε τὸ βαπόρι μὰς ἔλεγε καὶ φρεοῦγιζε ἀπὸ πάνω μας ὁ ἄγγελος τοῦ θανάτου. Μιὰ στιγμὴ ἔννοιωσα τὸ μικρὸ χέρι τοῦ Ἀντρίκου μου νὰ σφίγγῃ τὸ δικό μου. Φοβῶμαι; τὸν φώτισα, δὲ μ'ἀπάντησε παρὶ μαζεύτηκε πιὸ σφιχτὰ στὴν ἀγκαλιά μου.

Τὸ βαπόρι ξακολοῦθοῦσε νὰ παραδέρῃ δῶ καὶ κεῖ πάνω στα κύματα. Οἱ μηχανές του δὲ μποροῦσαν νὰ τὰ βγάλουν πέρα μὲ τὴ δύναμι τῆς θάλασσας. Οἱ ναῦτες πάλευαν πάνω στὸ κατὰστρωμα μὲ τὰ νερά... Σάφηνον τρομαχτικὲς φωνές ἀκούγονταν ἀπὸ πάνω. Ἀρσενεὶ καπετάνιο!!! θὰ τραζάρουμε στὴ στεριά!!! Δὲν πρόφτασαν ὅμως νὰ τελειώσουν τὴ φράση τους καὶ δυνατὸς τραταγμὸς μᾶς τάρσξε ὅλους. Τὸ κακὸ εἶχε γίνει... χτυπήσαμε πάνω σ'ἐνὰ νησάκι... Ἀρπάξα τον Ἀντρίκο μου καὶ κρατώντας τὸν στὴν ἀγκαλιά μου πετάχτηκα στὸ κατὰστρωμα. Εἶδα... ἡ πλώρη τοῦ βαποριοῦ εἶχε γίνῃ θρύψαλλο κι' ἡ θάλασσα πλημμύριζε παντοῦ...

Φωνές καὶ κλάματα γέμισαν τὴν ἀτμόσφαιρα, ὅλοι τρέχανε δῶ κ'ἐκεῖ, κανεὶς δὲν εἶξερε τί ἔκανε. Οἱ βάρκες ῥίχτηζαν στὸ γαλόν. ὦρθηκα σὲ μιὰ καὶ κρατώντας τὸν πολύτιμο θησαυρὸ στὴν ἀγκαλιά μου πύδηξα μέσα. «Σωθίκαμε» σκεφτήκα. Γιὰ μιὰ στιγμὴ πέρασαν ἀπ'τὸ νοῦ μου ὅλα μας τὰ βάσανα σὰν ὄνειρο. Ἀπ'τὴ στιγμὴ ποὺ φύγαμε τὸ χωριὸ κνηνηγμένοι καὶ σκορπισμένοι ὡς τὴ στιγμὴ ποὺ βρεθῆκαμε ἀπ'τὸ βαπόρι. Ὑστερὰ εἶδα τὴ γυναῖκα μου μὲ τὶς κόρες μου σαλτο βαπόρι κι'αὐτὲς σ'ἀσφάλεια... Ἀλλὰ ἦταν νὰ τὸν χάσω κι'αὐτόν...

Ἐνα πελώριο κύμα, σὰ θεριό, ἔρχεται δομητικὸ ἴσια στὴ βάρκα μας...τὴ σκέπασε... Πατέρα μου σῶσε με... Ὁταν πέρασε, ἡ ἀγκαλιά μου ἦταν ἄδεια....

— Ἐπαυε ὁ γέρος ἀπότομα, δάκρυα ἔτρεχαν στὸ ξηρωμένο πρόσωπό του, σηκώθηκε, μᾶς χαϊρέτησε μὲ μιὰ χειρονομία γεμάτη πόνο,



άνοιξε την πόρτα και χάρηκε στο σκοτάδι. Ένώ ο βοηθός εξακολουθούσε να φυσά, φέρνοντας τα βήματα στην άρχή δυνατά, ύστερα αδύνατα και τέλος δεν ακούγονταν πιά....

♦ ♦

1. Σαραφίδης

## Τὸ παιδί τοῦ Δρόμου.

Γιανναρίου 1η, άρχή τοῦ μηνός και άρχή τοῦ νέου έτους. Ήμερα για νέους πόθους και ελπίδας. Ήμερα ενθουσίας και χαράς. Τα παιδιά άρχισαν από την παραμονή να ετομαΐζουν τις σακκούλες για τα φρούτα. Τό ένα δείχνει στ' άλλο ποιός έχει τη μεγαλύτερη σακκούλα. Την παραμονή της πρωτοχρονιάς οι δρόμοι της άγοράς ήσαν γεμάτοι από κόσμο. Γυναικες, παιδιά, γέροι και νηοί, πλοισοι και φτωχοί, όλοι κάτω για ψώνια για τό πρωτοχρονιατόβραδο. "Αν και υπάρχει κίνησι μεγάλη, εν ταύτοις τα μαγαζιά σκοτώνουν τις μύγες. Τό πλήθος γυρνά και περιπλανάται από περιέργεια. Πολλοι σπάνια διακρίνεις πελάτες να βγαίνουν έξω, από τα μαγαζιά με πακέτα. Μέσα σ' αυτό τό πλήθος γυρνά και κάποιο παιδάκι, κάπου 10-11 χρονών, με τό καπέλλο στρουβά ξεσχισμένο, μούτρα άρρωστιάριζα, που έχουν τό χρώμα της στάχτης, ρούχα κοινοβλιασμένα, πόδια ξεπόλητα μαύρα από τις λάσπες και ακαθαρσίες, με τα δυό χέρια στίς τσέπες γυρνά εμπρός στις βιτρίνες των μαγαζιών.

Στάθηκε εμπρός σε μιá βιτρίνα παιχνιδιών, κύτταξε, τα καμάρωσε, κι' ύστερα ένας βαθύς στεναγμός τοῦ ήρθε. Ποιός μπορεί να έννοηση τη καρδιά αυτού τοῦ μικροῦ αλήτου; Ποιός ψυχολόγος έχει την δύναμιν να ψυχολογήση αὐτουνοῦ την καρδιά; Ποιανού καρδιά δεν θαγίζεται όταν δη αυτό τό μικράκι σε τέτοια χάλια; Ποιός χαλόκαρδος άνθρωπος δεν θέλει να τό εύχριστήση; Μήπως έχει γονείς ή είνε ορφανός; Αν είνε ορφανός ποῦ κοιμάται; Ποῦ στεγαΐζεται; Προχώρησε καμπύσα βήματα, αλλά τα μάτια του έμειναν εκεί στα ωραία παιχνιδάκια. Τα πόδια πήγανον αλλά τό μυαλό εκεί. Στέκεται μιá στιγμή και ένας συλλογισμός τό καταλαμβάνει. Γυρίζει πίσω με τα μάτια καρφωμένα στη βιτρίνα. Παίρνει μιá λυπητερή ὄψι, νομίζει πως προσηγγετο σ' αυτά. Αυτά είναι τό ειδώλον των παιδιών, σ' αυτά προσειχονται, διότι αυτά δίνουν την μεγαλύτεραν εύχαρίστησι στα παιδιά. Άρχισαν να κυλίνονται από τα μάγουλά του δάκρυα λύπης και παιδικής αγωνίας. Σ' αυτό ή πρωτοχρονιά δεν είναι ήμερα εύτυχίας, αλλά νέα πληγή. Ποιόν έχει να τό χαϊδεψη; Ποιός θα τοῦ προσφέρει δώρα; Ποῦ θα περάση την νυχτα εκείνη; Άπλούστατα, σ' ένα καπηλειό, κι' αν δεν βρη αυτό, τό κάθρο τον περιμένει;

Βροχή και χιόνι δεν τό νοιάζει, έχει πιά συνθηδίσει. Και τό πολύ, αν άρρωστήση και πεθάνη, ποιόνα έχει για να τό κλάψη; Ίσα, ίσα, θα γλυτώση από τό μαρτύριο.

♦ ♦

A. ΒΡΑΒΕΙΟΝ ΔΙΑΓ. ΔΗΗΤΗΜΑΤΟΣ....

## "Ολα αλλάζουν...

Βασίλειος Εδφορίδης

Πέρα στον γάιπο, σε άφθονα χορτάρια, στον καθαρό άέρα, και κοντά στο ποτάμι με τα γάργαρα νερά, ένας πλάτανος απλώνει τα όλοπράσινα κλαδιά του. Τό ποτάμι, ποῦ περνά πολύ κοντά του, σαν να τοῦ πλένη τα πόδια, άρροζνέλι και γεμίζει με γλυκό νανούρισμα τη φύση. Κι' ο πλάτανος υπερήφανα, και περιφρονητικά, βλέπει τα νερά τοῦ ποταμοῦ να τρέχουν αιώνια σέροντας ότι βροῦν στο διάβα τους....

Ανοιξεις....

Τα κλαδιά του άρχίζουν να μπουμπουνιάζουν και σε λιγάκι τα καταπράσινα φυλλαράκια προβάλλουν απ' τό καλλυμά τους. Τώρα ο πλάτανος ξυπνάει απ' τό βαρὺ λήθαργο. Παίρνει άλλη ὄψι. Ένώ άλλοτε έμοιαζε σαν σκιάχτρο, τώρα είναι στολίδι τοῦ γάιπου. Πρίν χαράζει καλά-καλά, τα πουλιά άρχίζουν τό τραγοῦδι τους και σαν ο ήλιος προβάλλει περήφανα, περήφανα, από τ' άντικρινό βουνό, αυτά στήνουν την αιδέρια τους συμφωνία.... Και τό ρυάκι ποῦ περνά κάτω απ' εκεί, νιώθει την εύτυχία, κι' άρχίζει ένα γλυκό τραγοῦδι.... Δεν είναι περήφανο τό τραγοῦδι του, είναι αλλοιωτικό απ' ὅτι μέχρι τις τραγοῦδαγε.. 'Ο πλάτανος περιτριγυρισμένος από μιá τέτοιο εύτυχία, νομίζοντας πως όλα αυτά είναι για αὐτόν, περήφανα σηκώνεται....

Περνοῦν οι μέρες γεμάτες εύτυχία, δόξα.... οι ζέστες φτάνουν..... Μεσημέρι....

'Ο Ζίζιζας άρχίζει τό μονότονο τραγοῦδι του, ενώ ο ήλιος στο ξενιθ του, στέλνει τό κατακαλισμένο διαβάτη κάτω στον πλάτανο, για να ξεκουρασθῇ βρίσκοντας την λήθη στον ύπνο.... Ένώ ο πλάτανος σαν μιá άλλη μητέρα απλώνει πιο μακριά τα κλαδιά του,..... λες και θέλει ν' άγγαλιάση τον διαβάτη..... 'Ο Ζίζιζας εξακολουθεϊ τό τραλλό του τραγοῦδι, ὥσπου, κι' αὐτός ναρχωμένος σωμαίνει.... Τό ποτάμι τρέχει ακούραστα στέλνοντας τό σιγαλό νανούρισμά του, στην κοιμισμένη φύση. 'Ο "Ηλιος ματωμένος γέρνει σιγά-σιγά στη δύση....

Τα πουλιά γυρνούν πάλι στον πλάτανο, απ' τό ταξίδι της μερας, κατακουρασμένα. Έδώ βρίσκουν τό ξεκούρασμα.... Κάτω απ' αὐτόν ένας



βοσκός παίζει την φλογέρα του, ενώ νότες αθόρυβοι, αρμονικές γεμί-  
ζουν τον αέρα.... "Όλα ευχαριστούν τον πλάτανο κι'αυτός γίνεται πε-  
ρήφανος.....

**Φθινόπωρο....**

"Όλα γύρω ξεψυχούν σιγά-σιγά. Ξεψυχᾷ κι'ό πλάτανος. Τὰ φυ-  
λλα του κιτρινίζουν και πέφτουν. Πέφτουν στον ποταμό... Φορτωμένο  
μ' ἄπειρα φύλλα κι'αὐ τὸ ποτάμι. Τὰ πᾶσι μαζουιά, πολὺ μαζουιά....  
στη θάλασσα..... Κι' ἐνῶ τρέχει φορτωμένος μὲ τὰ στολίδια τοῦ πλά-  
τανου, γρονᾷ κάπου, κάπου, πίσω, καὶ φωνάζει στὸ δλόγαμο τῶρα  
δένδρο.

Νὰ τὰ στολίδια κι' ἡ μορφή τῆς ζωῆς σου.... Τώρα μοῦ ἀνή-  
λουν....

Κι'αὐ τὸ δένδρο γέρνει ντροπισμένο τὰ ξερὰ κλωνάρια του, καὶ  
υπομένει τὸ γραφετὸ τῆς μοῖρας,... ψιθυρίζοντας κάπου, κάπου.

Τίποτε στὸν κόσμο δὲν εἶναι στάσιμο, ὅλα ἀλλάζουν....

★ ★

Φ. Θεοδορίδη

## Οἱ Φυσεκάδες.

(Ἑπίαινος Α')

"Ο καιρὸς ὅσο πῆγαινε καὶ καλωσύνευε κι' αὐτὸ ἔκανε τὸ Γιάννη  
τὸ φυσεκᾷ νὰ συμφωνήσῃ μὲ τὸν ἀδελφὸ του τὸ Δημήτρη γιὰ ψά-  
ρεια.

Τὸ πρῶτ' ἦταν μπουνάτσα καὶ τὰ δύο ἀδέρφια ξεκίνησαν ἀπὸ τὸ  
μῶλο μ' ὅλες τίς κουμπανίες τους. Τραβούσανε κουπιὰ ὁ καθένας ἀπὸ  
δύο καὶ φθάσανε γρήγορα στὴν ξέρα ποὺ θέλανε.

"Ο Γιάννης κῆταξε τὸν πᾶτο τῆς θάλασσας περιμένοντας καμ-  
μιὰ κοπαδιὰ ψάρια, κι' ὁ Δημήτρης βαστοῦσε τὰ κουπιὰ παρατηρώντας  
μὲ θυμὸ ἕνα μπουλουνὶ γλάρους ποὺ ἐρχόταν κατ'ἐπάνω τους, γιὰτὶ ὁ  
γλῆρος εἶναι τὸ πιὸ κακὸ σημάδι γιὰ τὸ φυσεκᾷ ψαρεῖ.

Ξάφνου ὁ Γιάννης εἶδε μιὰ κοπαδιὰ ψάρια καὶ φώναξε τὸ Δη-  
μήτρη νὰ σιᾶρῃ γιὰ νὰ μὴν τὰ τρομάξουν, ἔπειτα ἄρπαξε ἕνα φουσέκι,  
τοῦδωσε φωτιά καὶ τὸ πέταξε στὴ θάλασσα. Τὸ φουσέκι ἔσκαψε ὕστερα  
ἀπὸ λίγα λεφτά τῆς ὥρας καὶ ἡ ἐπιφάνεια τῆς θάλασσας γέμισε ἀπὸ ψά-  
ρια. "Ο Γιάννης πῆγε νὰ πάρῃ τὴν ἀπόχη ἀπ' τὴν πλώρη γιὰ νὰ μα-  
ζέψῃ τὰ ψάρια, μὰ σταμάτησε ἀκούγοντας τὸ Δημήτρη νὰ βοῖζῃ καὶ

νὰ τοῦ λέγῃ. «Οὐρανοκατέβατοι ἦρθαν οἱ ἀναθεματισμένοι, τί  
παίρνεις τὴν ἀπόχη, οὔτε λέπι δὲ θὰ μᾶς ἀφίσουν». «Δημήτρη τὸ  
φανέριώμ'ι τοὺς προστά μας τώρα, ἀκουσέ με, δὲ μοῦ φαίνεται νὰ μᾶς  
βγῇ σὲ καλὸ».

Εἶπανε νὰ ρῆξουν κι' ἄλλα φουσέκια, μὰ μεταιῶσαν, γιὰτὶ θὰ  
τῶρηξαν σιὰ χαμένα, οἱ γλῆροι γυρνοῦσαν ἀπὸ πάνω τους καὶ γι'  
αὐτὸ ἀποφάσισαν νὰ βῶνουν πανὶ γιὰ τὸ νησί.

Τὴν ἄλλη μέρα ὁ βορρηᾶς ξαμολήθηκε μεσ' τὸ πέλαγος σηκώνον-  
τας πελώρια κίματα καὶ μὴν ἀφίνοντάς τους νὰ ψαρέψουνε γι' αὐτὸ  
σηγοριόρανε τὴ βαρκούλα τοὺς καλὰ καὶ τὸ ρῆξαν στὸ πιετό, περιμέ-  
νοντας νὰ κόψῃ ὁ βορρηᾶς γιὰ νὰ πιᾶσουν δουλειά. "Ο βορρηᾶς ὁμως  
ὅσο πῆγαινε κι' ἀγρίευε ἡ πεῖνα ἄρχισε νὰ τοὺς θερίζῃ.

Ἐνα πρῶτ' ὁ βορρηᾶς καλμύρησε καὶ δὲν ἀπόμεινε παρὰ ἕνα  
σιγανὸ βορρηαδάκι. "Ο Γιάννης κι' ὁ Δημήτρης ξεκίνησαν μονομιᾶς γιὰ  
ψάρεμα' ἰσάσανε τὸ μικρὸ πανάκι τῆς «'Αργῶς» (ἔτσι ἦταν τὸνομα  
τῆς βαρκούλας τους) καὶ βάλανε πλώρη γι' ἀντίκρου.

Καθόντανε κι' οἱ δύο μέσα στ' ἀμπάρι τῆς βάρκας κι' εἶχαν στὴ  
μέση ἕνα μικρὸ φουρνελάκι γεμάτο φωτιά καὶ ξεστενόντανε. "Ο Γιάν-  
νης κράταγε τὸ δοιᾶζι κι' ὁ Δημήτρης κανόνιζε ἕνα ξεροζόμιμα. Τὸ  
βορρηαδάκι φουσοῦσε σιγά-σιγά καὶ φούσκωνε τὸ πανάκι κι' ἔφερνε τὴν  
'Αργῶ γρασμὴ γιὰ κεὶ ποῦθελαν. Σὲ λίγο φθάσαν στὸ μέρος ποῦθελαν  
'Εκεῖ ρῆξαν μερικὰ φουσέκια. Σκότωσαν κάμποσα ψάρια κι' ἦσαν ἐτοι-  
μοι νὰ φύγουν. "Αξαφνα ὁ Δημήτρης κιαλάρησε μιὰ κοπαδιὰ ψάρια  
ποὺ κάλλιο νὰ μὴν τὴν κιαλλάριζε. Πετιέται στὴν πλώρη νὰ πάρῃ,  
ἕνα φουσέκι, μὰ μὲ τὸ πέταγμα ποῦ ἔκανε, δὲν πρόσεξε, καὶ δίνει μιὰ  
κλωτσιὰ στὸ φουρνέλλο καὶ τὸ πετάει κίτω ἀπ' τὴν πλώρη μὲς τὸ  
πανεράκι ποῦταν τὰ φουσέκια! "Ο Γιάννης κι' ὁ Δημήτρης σάστισαν, δὲν  
ἤξεραν τί νὰ κάνουν. Εἶπαν νὰ πετάξουν τὸ πανεράκι ἔξω ἀπ' τὴ  
βάρκα' μὰ ὥσπου νὰ τὸ πιᾶσουν, ἕνας φοβερὸς κρότος ἀκούστηκε, κι'  
ἡ βάρκα μαζὺ μ' αὐτοὺς ἔγινε θροῦβάλλα καὶ καπνός.

★ ★

## Ἡ Βασιζόωπητα

Θ. Ρητορίδου

Σκορπεῖστε σύννεφα τοῦ πόνου  
μεσ' στίς παλῆς τίς συμφορὰς  
κι' ἡ πῆτα τοῦ καινούργιου χρόνου  
ὡς κλείνει μέσα τῆς χαρᾶς.

"Αγίε! σὲ μένα τὸ καυμένο  
κάμε νὰ πέσῃ ὁ παρὼς  
κι' ἀπὸ ἕνα χρόνον περιμένω  
τὴ μέρα τούτη τῆς χαρᾶς.

Καὶ δώσε στὸν καλὸν πατέρα  
ὅ,τι ποθεῖ καὶ καρτερεῖ,  
καὶ χρόνια στήν καλὴ μητέρα  
μεγάλο γιὰ νὰ μὲ χαρῇ.....

••

### Ερικνυμία

Δες τὰ καρδιάβια πὼς εἶναι γεομένα.  
λές θὰ βουλιάξουν ἀπὸ μπροστὰ  
Ἀπὸ τὰ κάρματα τὰ μανιασμένα  
κι' ἀπ'τὸν ἀγέρα ὅπου λυσσᾷ.

(Β' Ἑπαινος)

••

Θάνος Μεγγρέλης

### Ε' ἓνα ἔφηβο.

Χαῖρε ὦραϊε ἔφηβε,  
τῆς ὁμορφιᾶς τραγοῦδι,  
τῆς ἀνοιξης λουλουδι.  
Χαῖρε ὦραϊε Φοῖβε!

••

Κορμὶ ἔχεις ἀτσάλι,  
τοῦ ἥλιου γερὸ θρόνισμα,  
τοῦ στίβου τὸ καμάρι  
ὦ νιάτα ἐνλογημένα!

••

Χαῖρε ὦραϊε ἔφηβε,  
τῆς ὁμορφιᾶς τραγοῦδι,  
τῆς ἀνοιξης λουλουδι.  
Χαῖρε ὦραϊε Φοῖβε!

••

Ἡ ὄψι σου ἀνασταίνει,  
θεοὺς καὶ τέχνη ἀρχαία.  
Στεφάνι ἐλιᾶς πηγαίνει,  
στὰ κάλλη σου τὰ ὦραϊα.

••

Στὰ χεῖλη σου ἀνθοῦνε  
τριαντάφυλλα δροσῶτα.  
κοπέλλες νὰ ροφθοῦνε  
τῆς ἡδονῆς τὰ νιάτα.

••

Γ. Γεμενέζης

### Τὸ παρηὸ λουφέκι.

Ψηλὰ στὸ τοῖχο κρέμεται  
χοῦο καὶ σκουριασμένο,  
τ' ἄγιο λουφέκι ἡρώα,  
τὸ αἱματοβαμμένο.

••

Καὶ τί δὲν ἔχει δὴ αὐτό;  
ποῦ τῶρα πεταμένο,  
στὸν τοῖχο βροῖσζεται ψηλὰ  
στήν σκόνη βουτηγμένο;

••

Πέρασαν ἀπ'τὰ μάτια του  
μέρες φαριμακωμένες  
ἡμέρες δόξας καὶ χαρῶς,  
κι' ἡμέρες ξακουσμένες.

••

Πέρασαν ἀπ'τὰ μάτια του,  
μίχλης, φωνές, ἀντάρα  
φωνές σκληρές, ἀπελπισιᾶς,  
φωνές ὅλο κατάρρα.

••

Πόσους δὲν ματοκύλησε,  
πόσους δὲν εἶδ' ἀλήθεια,  
νὰ πέφτουνε στὰ πόδια του  
μὲ ξεσχισμένα στήθια;

••

Πόσους δὲν ἐβοήθησε.  
ποῦ θ' ἄτανε χαμένοι,  
πόσους δὲν ἐλευθέρωσε  
ποῦσαν πολιορκημένοι;

••

Θυμᾶται τὴν παρηγοριά  
π' ὄφρον' ἀπ' ἄκρη σ' ἄκρη  
κι' ἀπὸ τὴ μαύρη μπούκα του  
κατρακυλᾷ ἓνα δάκρυ.

••

Μὰ τῶρα ποῦ τοῦ ἔλειψε,  
ὁ σύντρογός του, ὁ γέρος,  
ψηλὰ ἐκεῖ θὰ βροῖσζεται  
πάντα στὸ ἴδιο μέρος...



Ήταν Όνειρο.

Τὴν γνώρισά ἕνα ἀνοξιάτιζο ἀπομειήμερο. Ὁ ἥλιος ἔφερνε πτὴν δύσι του χρυσώνοντας ἔτσι τὸν σκούρο οὐρανό. Τὸ πούλιά μὲ τῆς Νυχτας τῆς Βασίλισσας τὸ γοργὸ πλῆσιάσμα, φεύγαν φοβισμένα στὰ φωλιές του.

Πανώριο ἦταν τὸ χορμὶ της, τὰ μάτια της ἀστέρινα φωτοβόλα,  
καὶ ἡ λαλιά της, τοῦ φευγαλέου ρυακιοῦ τ' ὑπαλὸ νανουρισμα.

Στήν θωροά τῆς Ὀλυμπίας ὠμορφιᾶς τῆς ἔμεινα βουβός. Ἦματιά μου δειλὰ γρόυε νά συναντησῇ τῇ δικιά της...

Μὰ σὺν τὰ φωτοβόλια δυο ἀστέγια, τὸ ἄπλετό τους φῶς στρέψαν  
ἀπάνω μου...σσοριάστιχα ὁ φτωγὸς στὸ κοῦρο γῶμα...

Ἔμεινα ἔται ὄρες πολλές· ζι' ὕταν ἀγουροξῷπνησα ἀπ' τοῦ ἀπαί-  
σιον γζιώνη τὸ ἀλέγχρο μοιρολοῖ· οἱ δρνάδες εἶχαν στήσει ἴλ' οὐρά μου  
χορὸ ξεφραντωτό... Καὶ τὰ θεῖζα τους· τραγοῦδια πλάνα, στοῦ δάσους  
τὴν ἔρημη σγαλιὴ ἀντιλαλοῦσαν..

ΓΟΡΓΗΣ ΣΤΑΚΤ

✱✱

Οἱ ἐφόριστοι.

## 1. Κυρόγλου

Μακριά αὐτοῦται ἓνα παραπονιάρικο γαγγίσμα σκύλου. Ἔπειτα τίποτε πια... Καὶ τὸ σκοτάδι εἶναι τόσο βαθύ!... Μόλις διακρίνονται κάτι βοιβὲς σκιές νὰ κινοῦνται ἐκεῖ στὸ βάθος... Ἐμφανὰ ξεπροβάλλει τὸ φρεγγαρι πίσω ἀπ' τὰ πυκνὰ σύννεφα κι' ἀφήνει τὸ φῶς του νὰ κυριαρχίῃ γιὰ νὰ φωτίσῃ τὴ τραγικὴ εἰκόνα... ὦ! αὐτὴ ἡ νύχτα τί εἰκόνας σπαραξικαρδίες φιλᾷ νὰ ξετυλιχθοῦν μπροστά μου!... Μὴ γραμμὴ ἀνθρώπινων χορμῶν κινῆται ἐπάνω στὸ βαθὺ χιόνι... Ὅλων τὰ πρόσωπα εἶναι γυρισμένα πρὸς τὰ κάτω, λὲς καὶ καὶ κάτω ἐκεῖ ζητοῦν νὰ βορῶν λυτρωμοὺ ἀπ' τὰ βάσανα καὶ ἀνάπαψη αἰώνια... Βαθεῖες ρυτίδες ἔχουν χαραχθῇ στὸ μετωπο τοὺς... Εἶναι τὸ σημάδι τοῦ μεγάλου πόνου τῆς καρδιᾶς τοὺς.

Εκεί κάτω από τέλος τῆς γραμμῆς ἀκούγεται τὸ μαστίγιον τοῦ στρατιώτη. Κτυπᾷ ἓνα γέρο που δὲν μπορεῖ νὰ προζωοήσῃ... Ἀφῆστε

με τὴν πεθίχην», φώναζε μὲ μιὰ παρακλιτική φωνὴ πρὸς σπάραζε τὴν καρδίαν σου... Ἀλλὰ γρήγορα ἐπερίσχυσε τὸ ἔνστικτο τῆς αὐτοσυντήρησης, σηκώνεται μὲ τὴν βοήθεια ἐνὸς νέου γιὰ νὰ πέσῃ ἔπειτα πάλι ἀπὸ μερικὰ βήματα καὶ νὰ μὴ σηκωθῇ πιά... Ἦριν ἀπὸ ἓνα μῆνα ὁ ἄνθρωπος αὐτὸς ἦταν πολὺ εὐτυχής... Σήμερα ὅμως βροῖκε αὐτὸν τὸν τρομερὸ θάνατο... ἄθαρτος... καὶ ἔχοντας τὸ χιόνι γιὰ σάβανο. ..

Προχωρούν, προχωρούν... Ποῦ πηγαίνουν; Οὔτε αὐτοὶ ξέρουν. Μόνο ξέρουν πῶς εἶναι ἐξόριστοι καὶ ἄφηξαν τὴν ἀγαπημένη τους πα-  
τρίδα καὶ ἔβαλαν τοὺς τὰ καλὰ ἐδῶ καὶ τρεῖς βδομάδες... Ἔτσι ἦθελε ἡ  
κακὴ τους μοῖρα.

Ἔχουν μίση πῶς θὰ τοὺς ἐγκαταστήσουν στὴν πόλι ποὺ πλη-  
σιάζουν. Παίρνουν νέες δυνάμεις μὲ τὴν ἰδέα πῶς ἔπειτα ἀπὸ λίγο  
θὰ ξεκορραστοῦν ὅσο θέλουν κι' ἔτσι θὰ τελειώσουν τὰ βάσανά τους...  
Τὶ τραγικὴ ὁμῶς εἰρωνεία! Τοὺς περιμένε μεγαλύτερη δυστυχία ἀργό-  
τερα... Ἡ πείνα! ποὺ εἶναι πρὸ σκληρῆ κι' ἀπ' τὸν θάνατο....

Ἀνοίγονται καθαρὰ πύλαι τὰ γαυγίσματα τῶν σκυλλίων. Διακρί-  
νονται περικτὰ χαμηλὰ στίβια... Ἐφίθασαν....

Τοὺς στίβαξαν μέσα στὸ μικρὸ σχολεῖο καὶ σὲ μερικoὺς σταυλοὺς... Ὁ καθένas ἔπιασε μιὰ κόγχη, κουκουλωθῆκε μ' ὅτι πρῶξιμο βρῆξε καὶ ἔπεσε νὰ κοιμηθῇ γιὰ νὰ ξεκουρασθῇ τὸ καταπονημένο σῶμα του καὶ τὸ κουρασμένο του μυαλό...

Ὅλοι κοιμῶνται... Ἀλλὰ κάποιοι ἀγρυπνεῖ... Ὁ θάνατος. Τυ-  
λιγμένος μέσ' σὺν μαῦρο πανδύνα τον γροτᾶει στὰ κοχλιασμένα του χέρια  
τὰ δρεπάνι... Ἀνοίγει τὸ σημειωματάριό του. Μέσα εἶναι γραμμένα τὰ ὀ-  
νόματα τῶν ἐκτεγνῶν, πὺρ τὰ βᾶσανα τῆς ζωῆς τῶν θά παφουν ἀπόψε.

Θερίζει, θερίζει τώρα αλύπτητα... 'Αλλά γιατί να λυπηθώ; Μήπως  
αυτό που κάμνει δεν είναι μια θεία πράξις για τὸν καθ' ἑνὸς ἄνθρωπον;  
Σταματᾷ λαχανιασμένος... Ἐξελτελειώσει γι' αὐτὸν τὴ δουλειά του..  
Ξαναγυρνᾷ τὰ θύματά του κ' ἐξαφανίζεται....

Ξημερώνει... Ένας ανοίγει τὰ μάτια του, αλλά τρομάζει και τὰ ξανακλείει... Φοβάται ν' αντιζύση την πραγματικότητα... Προσπαθεί νὰ μείνη ακίνητος, αλλά δεν μπορεί γιατί δεν τον αφήνουν τὰ κλάμματα τῶν μαζῶν πού ξύπνησαν. Είναι οί ἀληθινά ευτυχεῖς στὸν κόσμο αὐτό, γιατί δεν μπορούν νὰ αισθανθοῦν τὴ λύπη... Θέλει τώρα νὰ σηκωθῇ, αλλά δεν μπορεί τὰ κόκκαλά του εἶναι βαριά, ἀπ' τὴν κουρασά. Ξαναπλαγιαίζει... Πλάι του μιὰ κόρη ὡς εἴκοσι χρονῶν ἀδίασε τὸν καφέ πού ἔφησε μὲ δυο ξύλα... Λε φαίνεται και πολὺ κουρασμένη. Στὰ μάτια της κανεῖς διαβάζει τὴ χαρά... Είναι ἡ ηλικία πού τὰ βλέπει κανεῖς ὅλα ρόδινα... Πλησιάζει τὸν πατέρα της πού φαίνεται βα-

θεία κοιμισμένος...Θέλει νά τόν ξυπνήσῃ, ἀλλά.. δέν μπορεί. Κάποια γυναίκα ἐκεῖ πλάι ψιθύρισε: «Πέθανε κι αὐτός, γλύτωσε..» Ἀντρίχιασε σύγχυση ἡ κόρη σάν ἄκουσε τή γυναίκα ποῦ ἔλεγε γιά τόν πατέρα της. Ἔχασε δύο βήματα πίσω. Ἀρχισε νά τρέμῃ... Τά μάτια της τ'ἄχε σκεπάζει ὁ πέπλος τῆς λύπης. Ἀν μπορούσε νά κλάψῃ... Ἦταν ἡ πρώτη μεγάλη λύπη ποῦ τήν ἤρθε ὡς τώρα...

Δέκα βήματα παρακίτω τρεῖς ἄνθρωποι προσπαθοῦν νά καθίσουν ἕναν παπῶ στην καρδέλλα γιατί εἶναι ἔθιμο, ἀλλά εἶναι ἀδύνατον.. Πέθανε ἐδῶ κ'ἐπτά ὥρες ξόλιασε πιά. Ἦ παπαδιά κλαίει μέ ἀναφυλητά κοντά του... Κλαίει, γιατί ἄφησε ὁ ἄντρος της τρία ὄρφανῶν..Τί θά γίνουν;

Ἀκούονται μοιρολόγια, ἀναφυλητά.. γέλια αἰθῶν μικρῶν.. Στίς δέκα ἤρθε ὁ γιατρός. Διέταξε νά βάλουν ὅλους τοὺς νεκροὺς σ' ἕνα μεγάλο ἀμάξι καί νά τοὺς πετάξουν στό μεγάλο λάκκο ποῦ ἔχουν ἀνοίξει τὸ πρωῒ.. Τοὺς ἄρρώστους, ὅχι βέβαια ὅλους τοὺς πῆρε στό νοσοκομεῖο.. Περνοῦν πέντε μέρες.. Σ' ἕνα δωμάτιο τοῦ νοσοκομεῖου πλαγιάζει μιὰ γυναίκα ὡς τριάντα χρονῶν.. Εἶναι ἡ γυναίκα ποῦ ἔχει τήν πιό καλή καί εὐσπλαχνική καρδιά.. Τά γλυκά μάτια της τὸ μαρτυροῦν καί ἡ σιγανή φωνή της.. Ἀλλά ἔχει γεράσει πρόωρα.. Εἶδε πολλές λύπες ποῦ κατέβηκαν τὸ πονεμένο κορμί της.

Μιλή μέ τόν γιῶ της ὡς ἐπτά χρονῶν «Παιδί μου μείναμε ἐμεῖς οἱ δυὸ μόνο ἀπ'τὴν οἰκογένειά μας...» Ὅλοι πεθάναν... Λάκρνα ἔτρεχαν ἀπ'τὰ μεγάλα της μάτια.. «Κοίτιζε τὸν ἑαυτό σου καλά».. Ἀν μπορούσε νά ἐξακολουθήσῃ, γιατί τὰ δάκρνα τὴν ἔπνιγαν.. Ὁ διευθυντής τοῦ νοσοκομεῖου ἐπέτρεψε τὸν μικρὸ νά πλαγιασῇ μαζί μέ τὴν ἄρρωστη μητέρα του, γιατί δέν εἶχε κανέναν ἄλλον.. Ἀν τοῦ ἔμεινε κανεὶς ἄλλος ἐκτὸς ἀπ'αὐτήν....

Ἐνα πρωῒ σηκώθηκε, γιὰ νά πάῃ νά βοῇ κάποιον θεῖο του ποῦ τὸν εἶπαν πὼς ἦλθε μόλις τὴν προηγούμενη μέρα.

Ἦ μαμά του γυρισμένη ἀπ'τὴν ἄλλη μεριά φαινόταν πὼς ἐκοιμόνταν πολὺ βαθειά.. Δε θέλησε νά τὴν ξυπνήσῃ.. Ντύθηκε σιγά, σιγά, ἀνοίξε τὴν πόρτα κ'ἔφυγε... Βρῆκε τὸν θεῖο του, κάποιον πρῶτο ξάδερφο τοῦ πατέρα του. Ὅταν ὁ συγγενὴς ἔμαθε πὼς ἀπ' ὅλη τὴν οἰκογένεια ἔμειναν αὐτὸς καί ἡ μαμά του ποῦ ἔλυνε ἄρρωστη μιὰ βδομάδα στό νοσοκομεῖο, δάκρυσε.. Πρόφερε ἕνα «ἄχ!».. Πᾶμε νά δοῦμε τὴ μαμά σου εἶπε στόν μικρὸ καί ξεκίνησαν γιὰ τὸ νοσοκομεῖο. Πλησιάζουν τὸ μεγάλο κτίριο. Στὸ δρόμο τοὺς περνᾷ ἕνα φέρετρο. Εἶναι τὸ φέρετρο τοῦ νοσοκομεῖου. Ὁ μικρὸς δέν τὸ παρατηρεῖ, ἀλλά ὁ θεῖος στα-

ματῶ καὶ παρακαλεῖ τοὺς ἄνθρώπους ποῦ τὸ πῆγαιναν γιὰ νά τὸ κατεβίσουν γιὰ νά δῇ ποιὸς εἶναι ὁ πεθαμένος. Τὸ κατέβασαν. Τί θά ἔχουναν.. Ὁ θεῖος μόλις ἔρριξε τὸ βλέμμα του μέσα ἔκαψε ἕνα βῆμα πίσω κατακίτρινος. Ὁ μικρὸς περιέργως γιὰ τὴν κίνησι τοῦ θεῖου τοῦ ἔτρεξε νά δῇ ἀλλ' ἐκεῖνος δέν τὸν ἄφησε...

Τὸν πῆρε ἀπ' τὸ χέρι καί γύρισαν πίσω.. Γιατί; Ἀν μπορούσε στήν ἀρχὴ νά καταλάβῃ τίποτε.. Ἦταν τόσο μικρός! Ἀλλ' ἄξαφνα πέρασε ἀπ'τὸ μυαλό του ἡ ἰδέα τοῦ θανάτου... Μήπως.. ἀλλὰ δέν εἶναι δυνατόν. Ἀν μπορούσε νά χωρέσῃ στό μικρὸ του κεφάλι. Ὁ χάρος ὅμως δέν λυπᾶται κανένα οὔτε καί τὰ μικρὰ σάν κι αὐτόν. Πῆρε τὴ μητέρα του. Ἔχασε τὰ φιλιά της, ποῦ τὸν γιόρνευαν κάθε του πόνο.. Ἔχασε τὸ πᾶν.. Ἦταν ὁ μεγαλύτερος ἰησαυρὸς γι' αὐτόν. Κατέβασε τὸ κεφάλι του γιὰ νά κρύψῃ τὰ δάκρνα ποῦ ἄρχισαν νά πέφτουν κι ἀκολούθησε τὸν θεῖο του...

Ὁ ἥλιος ἔδυε... Ἀλλὰ αὔριο θά ἀνατείλῃ γιὰ νά δώσῃ ζωὴ καί καινούργιες πάλι ἐλπίδες... ὅπως οἱ ψυχές αὐτῶν τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

★ ★

## «Ἡ δόξα»

Δ. Παπαδημητρίου

Ὅπου Χάρος μαχαῖρι ἀπλώνει  
καὶ τοὺς νέους στὴ μάχη σκοτώνει,  
ἀπὸ κεῖ τὸτ' ἡ δόξα περνάει  
καὶ στοὺς ἥρωας δάφνες σκορπίζει.

★ ★

Ὅταν νοῦς, καίτι νέο σκορπίζει  
καὶ μ' ἀλήθειες τὸν κόσμον φωτίζει,  
τὸτ' ἡ δόξα τὸ χέρι ἀπλώνει,  
καὶ μέ δάφνη κι' αὐτὸν στεφανώνει.

★ ★

Ἦ δόξ' ἀπὸ τὰ πλούτη δέν κρίνεται,  
δάφνες, σ' ὅσους ἀξίζουνε δίνει,  
σὲ παλιάρια κι' ἐρείπια μπαίνει  
καὶ μέ τ' ἄνθη τοὺς ἥρωας κρίνει.

★ ★



## Παιρικὸ "Ἔγκλημα.

Ν. Καραδήμου

Τὸ τραῖνο εἶχε σταματήσει. Κάποιος νέος ποῦ ξεχώριζε ανάμεσα στοὺς χωριάτας μὲ τὸ δολολευκὸ εὐρωπαϊκὸ ντυσίμῳ του, πῆδησε χαρούμενος ἀπὸ κάποιον βαγόνι τῆς πρώτης θέσεως. Φώναξε ἓνα ἀμύξι καὶ ἔδωσε διαταγὴ νὰ μεταφερθοῦν τὰ μπαγάζια του στὸ ξενοδοχεῖον τοῦ μπάρμπα Δημήτρη. "Ἐπειτα ἄμα εἶδε νὰ χάνεται ἀπὸ τὰ μάτια του ξεζίνησε καὶ αὐτὸς γιὰ τὸ σπίτι τοῦ πατέρα του. Προχωροῦσε σιγὰ-σιγὰ, προσπαθώντας νὰ ξαναφέρει στὸ νοῦ του, τόπους, πρόσωπα ποῦ γιὰ τόσο καιρὸ εἶχε ἀφήσει. "Ἐνοιώθε μιὰ μαγνητικὴ ταινία νὰ περνᾷ γοργὰ στὴν σκέψι του, καὶ νὰ τοῦ θυμίσῃ παλιὰ δόξα-λα παιδικὰ χρόνια... "ὦ! Ἀλήθεια πόσος καιρὸς εἶχε περάσει ἀπὸ τότε... καὶ πόσο γλήγορα καὶ αὐτὸς ἀκόμα δὲν εἶχε τόσο καλὰ νοιώσει.

"Ἐβλεπε παλιόις γνωρίμους δρόμους, δένδρα, σπίτια καὶ δάκρυ-ξε. Ἡ νοσταλγία τῆς παιδικῆς του χαρᾶς ποῦ εἶχε χαθῆ καὶ αὐτὴ σὰν ὅλα στὸν κόσμον σκόρπιζε στὴν ὑπαρξίν του κάποιον συννεφο θλίψης. Ἀνάμεσα ἀπ'τὶς παλιὲς θλίψερες ἢ χαρούμενες παιδικῆς σκηνῆς ξεχώρισε τὴν ἀναχώρησί του ἀπὸ τὴν πατρίδα. Ἦταν μικρὸς τότε ὅταν ἄφησε τοὺς δικούς του καὶ ἔφυγε γιὰ τὴν Ἀμερικὴ. Μόλις δεκατεσσάρων ἐτῶν! Ἡ φτώχεια τοῦ πατέρα του, ἡ ἔλλειψις δουλειᾶς τὸν εἶχαν ἀναγκάσει νὰ ζητήσῃ ἄλλοῦ τόχου. Καὶ ἔφυγε.

Στὴν Ἀμερικὴ στάθηκε ἱκανός, ἐργάστηκε καὶ πλούτισε. Κι' ἔπειτα ἀπὸ δεκαπέντε δολοκλήρα χρόνια ξαναγύριζε μεγάλος πιά. Ἀν' ἔξωρε τί γίνονται οἱ δικοὶ του οὔτε τοὺς εἶχε γράφει καμμιά φορὰ. Σχεδὸν τοὺς εἶχε ξεχάσει πιά. Τοὺς εἶχε θαρρεῖς συγκαθῆ... "Ἐνοιώθε πῶς μαζεύει τοὺς. Ζοῦσε κάποιον σύνολο βουτηγμένο στὴ λάσπη καὶ μέσα του μιὰ μορφὴ ἐνοιώθε νὰ χαμογελά. Τῆς μητέρας του. "ὦ ἐκείνη τότε ποῦ οἱ ἄλλοι τὸν ἐβρίζαν καὶ τὸν ἔδιωχναν ζητοῦσε νὰ τὸν προστατεύσῃ, νὰ τὸν κρατήσῃ σιμὰ τῆς καὶ ἀργότερα ἐνοιώσε στὰ δάκρυα ποῦ ἔχυνε ἐκείνη νὰ γίνονται διαμάντια στὴν ψυχὴ του. Τοὺς ἄλλους οὔτε τοὺς λογάριζε, γι' αὐτὴν καὶ μόνον γύριζε τώρα.

Προχωρώντας ἔτσι καὶ φωτῶντας ἔφθασε στὸ χάνι τοῦ πατέρα του. Κτύπησε, τοῦ ἀνοῖξαν καὶ μπήκε. Εἶπε ὅτι εἶναι ξένος, ὅτι ἔρχεται ἀπὸ μακριά, καὶ ζήτησε ἓνα δωμάτιο. Τακτοποίησε τὲς ἀποσκευές του καὶ γύρισε στὴν αἴθουσα γιὰ νὰ φάγῃ. Ἀντίκρισε τὴν μητέρα του καὶ τὸν πατέρα του, ἀλλὰ δυσκολεύθη νὰ τοὺς ἀναγνωρίσῃ. Ὁ πατέρας του ἔδειχνε καίτω ἀπὸ τὸ σκεθρὸ γερωντίστιζο πρόσωπο

ὅλη τὴν κακία ποῦ μπορεῖ νὰ βασίλευῃ σὲ ἀνθρώπινη ψυχὴ, κατὰ-ζοῦσε τὸν ἐνοιώθε κάποιον μικρὸ ἀδιόρατο φόβο. Ἡ μητέρα του μιὰ γοργὴ φάνοταν ἀκόμα ἀγαθὴ. Ἡ θυτιωμένη μορφὴ τῆς ἔδειχνε ὅλα τὰ βασανὰ τῆς, τοῦ ἔφερε τὸ φαί. Ἐτρωγε ἀργὰ κοιτάζοντας γύρω του καὶ ἐρευνώντας τὸ σπίτι ποῦ εἶδε τὸ πρῶτο φῶς. Στὸ τέλος ζήτησε νὰ πληρώσῃ... Ἀν' ἔβλεπε νὰ φανερωθῇ μὲ μιὰς ἀναλογίζοντας τὰ τραγικὰ συνέπειες ποῦ μπορούσε νὰ ἔλῃ μιὰ τραγικὴ χαρὰ στὴν μητέρα του. Ἐβγαλε νὰ πληρώσῃ καὶ ἐνοιώσε τὰ δυὸ μικρὰ μιάτια τοῦ πατέρα του νὰ γίνονται φλογισμένα.

Ὁ γέρος μέθυσε ἀπὸ τὸ μᾶτσο τῶν χαρτονομισμάτων ποῦ φανερώσαν ὁ γιός του. Καὶ ἀργότερα ὅταν ζήτησε στὸ κορβέτι τὸ ξεκούρασμά του δέχθηκε ἀπὸ τὸ ἄτιμο πατριζὸ χέρι θανατερὴ μαχαίρα. Ὁ πατέρας γιὰ τὰ χρήματα σκότωσε τὸ παιδί του.

★★

## Ἡ Πληρωμὴ

Κώνστας Λάμπρου

Ἦταν Χριστούγεννα! Ἀλλὰ ὄχι ἐκεῖνα τὰ γραφικὰ Χριστούγεννα ποῦ βρίσκουμε συνήθως στὰ διηγήματα, μὲ τὰ πολλὰ χιόνια καὶ τοὺς παγωμένες λίμνες. Τίποτα ἀπὸ αὐτὴν τὴν γραφικότητα δὲν εἶχαν. Οἱ δρόμοι ἦσαν γεμάτοι ἀπὸ νερὰ καὶ λάσπες, τὰ σπῆτια εἶχαν ἀλλαχμένο χῶμα ἀπὸ τὴν βροχὴν καὶ ἓνας Βαρδάρης δυνατὸς σὲ πᾶ-γωνε ὡς τὸ κόκκαλο.

Πήγαινα στὴν ἐκκλησίαν. Εἴμουν κοινζουλωμένος μέσα στὸ παλτό μου καὶ προχωροῦσα γογγύοντα γογγύοντα γιὰτὶ εἶχα ἀργήσει πολὺ.

Ὅταν μπῆκα μεσ'τὸ προαύλιο τῆς ἐκκλησίας, ἀκουσα μιὰ φωνὴ νὰ μοῦ λέῃ. «Βοηθήσατε τὸν ἀνάπηρον κύριε». Ἐγύρισα καὶ εἶδα ἓναν ἄνδρα ἄνδρα ἀρχετὰ νέον ἀκόμη, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰ δυὸ του πόδια ἔλειαν ἀπὸ τὰ γόνατα καὶ καίτω.

Φοροῦσε ἓνα παλιὸ ξεσχισμένο χακί, ἓνα παλτίδιο δίχως στέμμα, καὶ μόνον ἓνα κομματάκι λερωμένο καὶ ξεσχισμένο πανὶ στὸ μακίρι ἔδειχνε ὅτι ἐπύρχαν κάποτε γαλιόνια ἔχει.

Ἐβαλα τὸ χέρι στὴν τσέπη μου νὰ τὸν βοηθήσω, ἀλλὰ δὲν βρήκα τίποτα ψηλὰ ἐκτὸς ἀπὸ τὸ μοναδικόν μου εἰσοσιπεντάριζο. Ἐβγήκα ἀπὸ τὸ προαύλιο τῆς ἐκκλησίας γιὰ νὰ πάω μιὰ ἐφημερίδα καὶ νὰ τὸ ἀλλάξω. Ἀλλὰ ὅταν ἔμπαινα μέσα εἶδα ἓνα ζωοφυλάκιον νὰ στεκεται ἐπάνω ἀπὸ τὸν ἄνθρωπον καὶ τὸν ἀκουσα ποῦ τοῦλεγε.

«Στό λέω για τελευταία φορά πως αν θα σε ξαναδώ εδώ μέσα θα σε πετάξω διά της βίας έξω. Έλα δίνε του και να μην ξαναπατήσης εδώ. Έδω δέν είναι τόπος για παλιοζητιάνους». Ο άνθρωπος δέν απάντησεν, μόνον κουνήσε τὸ κεφάλι καταφατικά καὶ ἄρχισε νὰ σέρνεται σιγά-σιγά πρὸς τὴν ἔξοδον.

Ἐβγῆζεν ἀπὸ τὸ προαύλιον εἰς τὸν δρόμον, Προχώρησε λίγο καὶ ἔπειτα σταμάτησε κοιτάζοντας χάμον. Ἐγὼ τὸν πλησίασα καὶ τοῦβαλα ἓνα δύρασανγκο στὸ χέρι. Μὲ κοιτάξε μιὰ στιγμή στα μάτια καὶ ἔπειτα μοῦ εἶπεν μὲ φωνὴ σιγανή. «Ὁ Θεὸς νὰ σοῦ πληρώσῃ τὸ καλόν, γιατί ἀπὸ τοὺς ἀνθρώπους μὴν περιμένεις ποτὲ νὰ πληρωθῇς». «Μένει ποῦ μὲ βλέπεις ἤμουν γάποτε καὶ ἐγὼ, δέν ἤμουν αὐτὸ τὸ σαράβαλο ποῦ βλέπεις τώρα. Ἀλλὰ ἦρθε ὁ πόλεμος, πῆγα καὶ ἐγὼ νὰ υπηρετήσω τὴν Πατρίδα μας. Πολέμησα πληρώθηκε καὶ ἔχασα τὰ πόδια μου, καὶ τώρα κῆττα πῶς μὲ πληρώνει γὰ ὅλα. Κῆττα τὸ ευχαριστῶ της γὰ τὰ πόδια ποῦ τῆς χάρισεν νὰ ἀνέβῃ πὺ κοντὰ πρὸς τὴν Δόξαν, γὰ τὸ αἷμα μὲ τὸ ὁποῖον πότισα τὴν ἰδέα της νὰ βλαστήσῃ. Ἀλλὰ ὅλα ξεχνιοῦνται καὶ ἀφήνουν τόσα μόνον σημεῖδια, ὅσα ἡ σιὰ ἐνὸς πουλιοῦ ποῦ περνᾷ ἐπάνω ἀπὸ μιὰ λίμνη».

Ἐσώπασεν, ἐσήκωσε τὸ βλέμα του πρὸς τὸν οὐρανὸν σὰν νὰ ζητοῦσεν ἀπὸ αὐτὸν τοῦλάχιστον ἱκανοποίησιν, καὶ ἔπειτα ἄρχισε πάλι νὰ προχωρῇ στὸν λασπωμένον δρόμον ὥσπου ἐχάθη πίσω ἀπὸ μιὰ γωνία.....

★★

Γεωρ. Καραλαμπίδης

## Ὁ δυστυχὴς Μιχάλης

Ὁ Μιχαλάκης ἦταν ὁριθὸς μπροστὰ πρὸς τὴν παράγκα του, σὰν ἀποκηρυγμένος, φροῶντας ἓνα βρομερὸ πανταλόνι ποῦ σχηματίζε ἄθλιες δίπλες πάνω στὰ ἀσθενικά καὶ ἀδύνατα πόδια του.

Κοίταξε τὴν γυμνὴ ἀτμόσφαιρα καὶ ἡ χίτρινη λάμψη τῆς πείνης ἔφεγγε στὰ βάθος τῶν ματιῶν του.

Ἡ παράγκα του σκεπασμένη μ' ἓνα πανὶ ἀπ' τὴ βροχὴ φαινόταν στο μισφωτὸ σὰν πελώριο ζῶο κουκαλιάρικο ποῦ τὸ πετὰ του ἔχει λαφύρει ἀπ' τὴν ἀδυναμία καὶ ἀπ' τὴν ἀριστεία.

Εἶχε νὰ φάῃ ἐδῶ καὶ δυὸ μέρες. Τὶς τελευταῖες μπουκιὰς τοῦ φρομιῦ τίς εἶχε φάει ὁ γυιὸς του. Καὶ ἔτσι τοῦ ὀργανοπαίχτη ἡ ζωὴ ἦταν πρὶν ἀδειαγὴ καὶ ἀπὸ τὴν «γκράνζάσσα» του ποῦ τὴ βαροῦσε

γὰ νὰ τραβῆσῃ τοὺς διαβήτες καὶ νὰ τοὺς κόβῃ νὰ πληρώσουν κομμάδεζα γὰ νὰ δοῦν τὸ πλατύστο αὐτὸ φανώμενο, τὸ γυιὸ του. Μὰ ψυχὴ δέν φαινότανε ποῦ νὰ καὶ τὸ παιδί ἦεναι πάντα πεπνυμένος καὶ στὸ βάθος σ' ἓνα σωρὸ κουράλια μὲ τὲς μικρὲς γλίμπες σφυγμῶν πρὸς τὸ κεφάλι μὲ δυνάμει παρρησίας, τρέποντα ἀπὸ τὸν πνεύμα, γὰ ὁ βόρεος τοῦ τυμπάνου τοῦ ὅρου τρομεροῦς πόνου στὰ μενίστρα.

Ἀπὸ τὸν σκοτεινὸν οὐρανὸν ἔκυρτε μιὰ Χρυσόφωτος ἐνέστιχη φιλὴ βορροῦλα ἀδύνατη καὶ λασπωμένη τοῦ εὐχρηστέου παντοῦ, κ' ἐβλαπνε ὡς τὸ μυαλό καὶ πόνον τὸ αἷμα του.

Ἡ βοή τοῦ τυμπάνου χάνονταν χωρὶς ἀντίλαλο στὴ μελαγχολία τοῦ χειμῶνος καὶ ὁ Μιχάλης χτυποῦσε, ἀλόφωτος, λαχνὸς, λασπημένος φεθίζοντας τὰ μάτια του στὴ σιὰ, τεντώνοντας τὰς τὰς του, περὶ ἀπὸ καθε χτύπημα, γὰ νὰ ἀκούσῃ ἡ φωνὴ καμμιὰ φωνὴ ἔρταται ὡς ἐκεῖ. Ἦρθε τὸ πρόσωπο νὰ κοιτάξῃ τὸ εἶδός ἐκεῖνο ἀνθρώπου κουράλι ποῦ ἀγκομαχοῦσε στὰ πόδια του, καὶ ἡ μετὰ τοῦ περπατήσε ἓνα βλέμμα ἀνέπιστον πόνου καὶ φρενιόζοντας μὲν τὴν ἀδύνατη φωνὴ του ἔλεγε ἀπὸ μέσα του, «Ὁ Σωτὴρ γεννᾶται καὶ ἡμεῖς πεθαίνουμε τῆς πείνης».

Ὁ φουκαρὸς ὁ Μιχάλης δέν ἔβλεπε κανένα. Ἡ σιὰ ἐνὸς σκελετοῦ ἐφάνη ἀπὸ τὸ σκοτεινὸ σκοτάδι, πρὸς τὸν ὁριθὸν μπροστὰ του μὲ τὴν οὐρὰ ἀνάμεσα στὰ σκέλια καὶ σταμάτησε πίσω ἀπὸ τὴν παράγκα γὰ νὰ φορεῖται ἓνα κόκκαλο, ποῦς ἔχει ποῦ τρέβη καὶ τὸ. Τὸ τῆς περὶ σιωποῦσε, φροσῆματα τ' ἀνέμον σερνανε σὲ τρελλὸ χορὸ μερταίε ξεροφύλλα καὶ τὰ ἀπὸ τὰ δένδρα.

Ἐντὺν ἡ σιγαλὴ ἀπλόωθηκε γόρω...Καὶ μέσα σ' αὐτὴ τὴ σιγαλὴ δέν ἀκούγονταν παρὰ μόνον τὰ γρολλίσματα τοῦ σκελετοῦ, τὸ κέλισμα τοῦ νεροῦ καὶ καθε τόσο τὸ βαγγητὸ τοῦ παιδιοῦ...ἓνα βογγητὸ σὰ νὰ βγαίνω ἀπὸ λαφύγγι σάπιο...

★★

## Ὁ Τέρο-Θανάσης ὁ Μαραγκὸς

Χρυσ. Χριστίδης

Σαββατοβραδὸν, "Ὁρε πολλὴ περὶμενε ὁ γέρος ἡ σιὰ του. "Ὁρε πολλὴ περὶμενε νὰ πῶν τὸ βδομαδιατικὸ του, νὰ τρέβῃ νὰ τὸ εἶναι ὁλόκληρο μπρὸς πρὸς τὴν ἀχόρταγη γενεὰ του, τὴ σιὰ του γέρος. Καὶ ἡ σιὰ του ἦρθε. Τσέπωσε μὲ χαρὰ τὲς διακόσεις δορυμῶν ποῦ τὸν ἔδωκεν ὁ παπάς, τρέλθηκε καὶ στὸ παλιὸ του νὰ τοῦμιάσῃ νὰ φάῃ, μὰ ἓνα χέρι τὸν συγκράτησε. "Ἐλα μέσα, τοῦ εἶπεν ὁ δυν-



θνήτης μὲ ἀυστηρὸ τόνο. Ὁ γέρος ἄδεια τὸν ἀπολύθηκε. Χίλιες δυὸ ἰδέες περνοῦσαν ἀπ' τὸ μυαλό του. Χίλιες δυὸ ἐπιθυμίες, τὸν βασάνιζαν. Ἀρχίσει νὰ ζαλίζετε, τοῦ ἐρχόταν νὰ γλάφῃ καὶ μόνο ἀπ' τὴν ἀποπνευστικὴν ἔσπῃ τῆς θεορμύρας καὶ τὸ λαμπερὸ φῶς τοῦ ἡλεκτριζοῦ, κατὰλβε ὅτι βροσκόταν στὸ διενθνητήριον. Τὰ μάτια του θόλωσαν, τοῦ ἦρθε σὰ λογοθυμία, ὅταν ἀκούσε τὴν αὐστηρὴ φωνὴ τοῦ διενθνητοῦ νὰ τοῦ λέγῃ «Ἐ! γερὸ-Θανάσιμ, ἡ δουλεία σου ὅλως διόλου χάλωσε, ἀρχίζω καὶ χάινω τὴν πελατεία μου. Ἐξ' αἰτίας σου ἐγὼ τόσους ἄλλοι φοροῦν γιὰ δουλεία, γεράματα καὶ ἡμέρες. Πᾶρε λοιπὸν τὸ βδομαδιαῖκό σου καὶ κῦτταξε νὰ βοῇς ἄλλου δουλειῖ» Ὁ καὶμένος ὁ γέρος δὲν μπόρεσε νὰ ἀποθρῶσῃ λέξι. Ἡ φωνὴ του σβήνοταν στὸ λαρυγγί του, τὸ στόμα του ἔμενε βουβὸ καὶ ἀμήλητο. Δυὸ δάκρυα ποὺ κλήψαν στὰ ξαρομένα μάγουλά του, ποὺ τ' ἄσφαζαν τόσες λυπὲς καὶ τόσες συμφορὲς, καὶ κατὶ ἄσχατες χειρωναγίες, φανέρωσαν τὴ πληγὴν του. Σχηματὸς κι' ἀμύλητος πῆρε τὸ καπέλλο του καὶ πλησίασε τὴ πόρτα, ζωντοστάθηκε γιὰ μιὰ στιγμὴ κι' ἔπειτα χάθηκε μέσα στὸ σκοτάδι τῆς νύχτας.

Ἐξω μανιασμένα φρυσοῦσε ὁ παγωμένος βορορῆς, ψιλὸ καὶ διαφραστικὸ χιονόνερο ἔπεφτε, μὲ ὁ γέρος στὴ θέρημ τοῦ περιτοῦ του δὲν καταλάβαινε τίποτα. Περπατοῦσε ἄσκοπα μεσ' τοὺς ἐρημωμένους δρόμους τῆς πόλεως σὺν ἀλήτης ποῦ γροῦνι νυκτερινὸ ἄσυλο. Ἦταν ἀργὰ ὅταν ἐπανῆλθε στὸν ἑαυτὸ του. ἔνοιωσε τὰ πόδια του νὰ τον σουβλίζουσιν δυνατὰ καὶ τὸ φῶσκημα τοῦ βοροῦ νὰ τὸν παγῶνῃ καὶ σχεδὸν ἄθελα τραβήξε γὰρ τὸ στίτι του. Μὲ χτυποκάρδι ἔσπρωξε τὴ πύρρα καὶ μπήκε. Ζάρωσε σὲ μιὰ γωνιά καὶ μὲ ὑπομονὴ περίμενε τὴν ὁργὴ τῆς μέγαιρας νὰ ξεσπίσῃ. «! Ποῦ εἶνε τὰ λεφτὰ βοῦ ξεμυαλισμένη, ποῦ ἔρχεσαι τέτοια ὥρα σάιτι; Φοβισμένης τῆς ἔροξετὰ δυὸ κατσούρικα μπρὸς τῆς καὶ ἔκλειν τὰ ἔχωσε στὸ κόρπον. Μὰ τὸ θλιμμένο καὶ ἀσυνήθιστο ἔρος του τὸν προῶσαν. «Τὶ ἔχεις βοῦ κατσούφη, παληόγερε; καὶ ἔκλεινος δυστυχιμένος τῆς τὰ εἶπε ὅλα. Ἀνὸ καστούγια ἦσαν ἡ παρηγοριά ποῦ τὸν ἔδωκε, καὶ μιὰ κλωστή τῆς τὸν πέταξε σχεδὸν ἔξω ἀπ' τὴν πόρτα. Ἐκείνη τὴ στιγμή ἀφθονο ἄρχισε νὰ πέφτῃ τὸ χιόνι, καὶ ἔνθ' ὁ γέρος μὲ τὰ τραυμάμενά του πόδια τραβοῦσε πρὸς τὸ ἀγνώστου, ἡ στριγγλιτὴ φωνὴ τῆς ἀντυχούσε ἀκόμη στὴ παγερὴ ἀτμόσφαιρα, «Ἀε θέλω τεμτέληδες στὸ στίτι μου».

Ἡ Κυριακὴ τοῦ ἑξημέρωσε βοήθει τὴ φύσι ντυμένη σὰ νυφικά  
της. Χαρούμεντὴ καὶ αὐτὴ γιατί μιὰ ὁκτώμ βασιανισμένη φυχὴ βοήθει  
ἀναπαύει ἔδωκε τόνο στὰ καλλὴ τῆς φύσης καὶ μὲ μεγαλῦτερη ὁρῶσι  
κάλυψε τοὺς πιστοὺς στὴ προσευχὴ τους. Κι' ἐκείνοι ποὺ ποῶτοι ὑπὲρ

χρησαν στις προσλήψεις της βοήθην κοκκαλισμένο τὸ γέρο κίπου  
σὲ μὴ γονιὰ τῆς ἐκκλησίας. Μὲ ἐράνους ἔγινε ἡ κηδεύα του ἐκεῖνο  
τὸ πρῶτ, καὶ μὲ ἐράνους τὸν ἔθαψε ὁ νεκροθάπτης.

—Θεὸς σῶθ' ἐν τῇ ὑποστάσει σου...

★ ★

Κ. Μεγαηλίδης

Ἐνα δᾱμα.

— "Αγ! πόνα κ' ξέχ'σα τὴν'χόνα τ'σ Παναγιῶς.

Ὁ Τάσος τῆς νερά-Γιωργιάνας, μετὰ τὴν γομφίαν τὴν μάνα τοῦ στον ὄμο, εἶχε φτιάσει δυὸ ὄφες μαζὶν ἀπὸ τὸ Αὐτόζωρο, στὸ μοναστηράκι τοῦ "Αἰ Γιάνη, ὅπου θάχαν περισσότερη ἀσφάλεια καὶ πιστεῖον νὰ τοὺς σώσῃ ὁ "Αἰ Γιάννης. Ἐκεῖ ἦταν πολλὸς κόσμος, ὄχι πολλὸς κόσμος, ἀλλ' ὅλο τὸ χωριό, γὰρ ζαντὸς δὲν εἶχε μείνει σκεδὸν στὸ Αὐτόζωρο, ἐκτὸς ἀπὸ μερικὰς γροθιές, ποὺ δὲν μποροῦσαν ν' ἀκολουθήσουν ἢ ἄς ποῦμε καλλιτέρα, ἠθέλαν νὰ πεθάνουν στὰ πατριὰ τους βλήματα.

Ήταν 1912 Έλληνο-Τουρκικός πόλεμος τότε που οι Έλληνες πάθωναν με τη σκουπιά τα σκουπίδια και κάθε τόπος, κάθε βουλή, κάθε δέντρο και κάθε Έλληνας, ελευθερωνόταν. Οι Τούρκοι έφρεγαν τρεχάτοι κι άφηναν πίσω τους πόλεις και χωριά και δεν μπορούσαν να σταματήσουν πουθενά.

Τώρα θὰ περνοῦσαν κι' ἀπ' ἐκεῖ καὶ θάβηναν γιὰ πάντα τὸ Λι-  
τόχωρο νὰ γίνῃ ἑλληνικό. Οἱ Ἕλληνες μόλις τοὺς εἶδαν ἀπὸ μακριὰ  
ὅτι ἔρχονταν πρὸς τὸ χωριό τους, ἔπερναν οἱ προχέιροι καὶ πολίται

Ὁ Τάσος ἦταν στὴ δουλειά του, ὅταν τόμαϊ' αὐτό. Ἐφτά-  
γλήγορα σπῆτι του, πήρε τὴ μάννα του σπών ὠμο καὶ δρόμο. Ἐφτά-  
σε κι ἔτρεχε ἐνῶ οἱ Τοῦρκοι ἐρχόνταν ὅλο καὶ πιό κοντά. Ἐφτάσε  
πρὸ μοναστηριό. "Αἰ Γιάννη, ζωνοσάσμενος, με τὴ μάννα του στὴν  
πλάτη. Μόλις τὴν ἀκούμπησε σ' ἐνα μέρος, να γείρει λιγάκι τὸ κορμί-  
κι της, θυμωθήκε ὅτ' εἶχε ξεχάσει τὴν εἰκόνα τῆς Παναγῆς καὶ φώ-  
ναζε λυπητό.

Ἀχ! πᾶντα πᾶξ ἔχ'σα τὴν ζώναν τοῦ Παναγιῶς!

Αχ! μίνα μ' ξέχ'σα τὴν νόνα τὸ Παναγιάς.  
Αὐτὴ ἡ νόνα ἦταν μιὰ θαματούργη ποὺ τὴς εἶχε δορίση  
στὰς γάμους τῆς, ὁ χορμπάρος τῆς χορμπάρως τῆς χορὰ-Νιζόλαινας,  
μὲ τὸν ὁποῖο ἡ χορὰ-Γιωργάνα εἶχε πρὸ στενὴ συγγένεια· γιατί ὁ  
ἀντρας τῆς, ὁ Γιωργης, μὲ τὸν θεῖο τοῦ χορμπάρου τῆς χορμπάρως  
τῆς χορὰ-Νιζόλαινας, ἦταν τριτὰ ξαδέρφια. Ἀλλ' ὅπου μέσ' τὴν ἀνα-  
πιστοσύλῃ ἐκείνῃ τὴν εἶχε ξεχάσει. Μὰ τί τὸν πιράζει νὰ τοῖξῃ νὰ  
τὴν πάρῃ;

Τὴν πόλιν.  
Ἡ μάνα τὸν δὲν πρόφρασε ν' ἀπαντήσῃ ἀκόμα καὶ ὁ Τασὸς τῆς  
εἶχε γίνει ἀρραβὸν ἀπὸ μπροστὴ τῆς. "Ἐτρεξε στὸ χωριὸ νὰ πᾶρῃ τὴν  
ἐκδόνα. Δὲν τὸν φοβίζαν οἱ ἀχτρεῖς. Εἶχε γίνει σύγχερο. "Ἐτρεξε πη-

δοῦσε χαντάκια, δρυσζελνοῦσε βράχια. Ὅπου πατοῦσε ταρῶνταν ὁ τόπος.

Οἱ Τοῦρκοι δὲν εἶχαν φτάσει ἀκόμα στα πρῶτα σπῆτια ποῦταν πρὸς τὴ Δύση, ὅταν ὁ Τασὸς ἔφτασε στὸ σπῆτι του ποῦταν καμιά εἰκοσ' πενταριά μέτρα ἀπ' τὸ προτελευταῖο σπῆτι τοῦ χωριοῦ, τοῦ κυρ Σταμιούλη, πρὸς τὴν ἀνατολή. Μπήξε βιαστικά μέσα, ἀνέβηκε γρήγορα γρήγορα τὲς σκάλες, πήρε τὴν «Παναγιά», τὴν ἔβαλε στον κόρφο του καὶ τὸβαλε στα πόδια. Ἀέρας ἐγινε! Σὲ μισὴ ὥρα ἔφτασε στὸν «Αἱ Γιάννη».

— «Νᾶ ἡ Τασὸς!» Φώναζαν ὅλοι χαρούμενοι.

Τὸν σήκωσαν ὅλοι στὰ χέρια. Μπήκαν στὴν ἐκκλησιά κι ἔψαλαν μιὰ δοξολογία. Ἐπειτα ἀπὸ κάμποσες ὥρες ἦρθε μιὰ γρηούλα ἀπ' τὸ χωριὸ καὶ τοὺς εἶπε μὲ μιὰ γερόστικια φωνὴ ποὺ μόλις ἀκούστηκε.

— «Μπαδύκια μ' ἔλάτ' στὸν χωριό. Οἱ ὀχτροὶ ἔφυγαν κ' δὲν μᾶς ἔρριαζαν τίπτε».

— «Θᾶμα! θᾶμα!» εἶπαν ὅλοι μὲ χαρὰ σὰν μιὰ φωνή.

Γιὰ μιὰ στιγμή ἔμειναν ὅλοι σιωπηλοὶ σὰν νᾶθελαν νὰ προσενηχθοῦν νὰ φραριστήσουν τὸν θεὸ που τοὺς γλύτωσε. Τὸ θᾶμα τ' ἀπέδωσαν στὴν Παρθένα. Κι εἶχαν δέξιο. Αὐτὴ ποὺ τόσα θιμάτα εἶχε φρυάσει θάμινε τώρα ὅλους τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς καὶ καλοὺς Χριστιανοὺς νὰ σφαχτοῦν ἀπ' τοὺς Τοῦρκοις σὰν ἀρνιά.

Ἐπειτα ἀφοῦ ἔψαλαν κάμποσα τροπάρια κι ἀπολυτίκια γιὰ μνήμη τῆς Παρθένας, μπήκαν στὸ χωριό. Ὁ Τασὸς βαστοῦσε στὰ χέρια ἡμιλὴ τὴν εἰκόνα κι ἀπὸ πίσω του ἔρχονταν ὅλοι οἱ χωριάτες καὶ τὰ χωριατόπουλα κρατῶντας κλαδιὰ ἀπὸ διάφορα δέντριά, ἐνῶ οἱ χωριάτισσες κι οἱ χωριατοπούλες πήγαν στὰ σπῆτια τους νὰ τὰ συγγυήσουν. Ἀμέσως ὄχιαιαν νὰ χτεποῦν οἱ καμπάνες ἀπ' ὅλες τῆς ἐκκλησιᾶς τοῦ χωριοῦ κι ὅλο τὸ πλῆθος πήγε στὴν ἐκκλησιά τῆς Παναγιάς, μιὰ μεγάλη ἐκκλησιά μὲ φριθιὸ βυζαντινό. Πόσο ἔλαμπαν τὰ κηρύ! Πρῶτη φορὰ ἔγινε τόση φωτοχυσία. Τὰ μάγομορα κάτω ἔλαμπαν. Οἱ ψάλτες κι οἱ παπάδες πρῶτη φορὰ ἔψελναν τόσο γλυσά. Αὐτὸ ἔγινε ὥς τὸ πρωῒ τῆς ἄλλης μέρας. Παιδιά, κορίτσια, ἄντρες, γυναῖκες γέροι καὶ γρηῆς προσεύχονταν μὲ κατάνυξι.

Ἐγινε τὸ ἴδιο ὅπως καὶ τρεῖς ἑκατοντάδες χρόνια στὴν Κων) πολὺ ἐπειδὴ ἡ Παρθένα ἔσωσε τὴν πόλι, οἱ προπατέρεις μας, ἔχαμεν τὸν ἀκάθιστο ὕμνο, ὕμνον ὅλο πίστι καὶ ἀφωσίωσι γιὰ τὸ θεό.

Μποροῦσαν τώρα οἱ ἀπλοῖχοι καὶ ἀγαθοὶ ἐκεῖνοι χωριάτες ποὺ ἦσαν ὅλο πίστι κι ἀφωσίωσι γιὰ τὸ θεό, νὰ μὴ κάνουν ἕναν τέτοιον ἔσπερινό γιὰ μνήμη τῆς Παρθένας, αὐτῆς ποὺ ἔκανε τῆς καρδιᾶς τῶν ὀχτρῶν νὰ μαλκώσουν τόσο πολὺ, καὶ νὰ μὴ πειράξουν τίποτα ἐνῶ ἔφειγαν;

Μποροῦσαν αὐτοὶ οἱ χωριανοὶ ποῦχαν τόσο σεβασμὸ νὰ μὴ διαλαλήσουν ἕνα τέτοιο θᾶμα στὰ γύρω χωριά;



*Jest and  
Jollification*  
1930

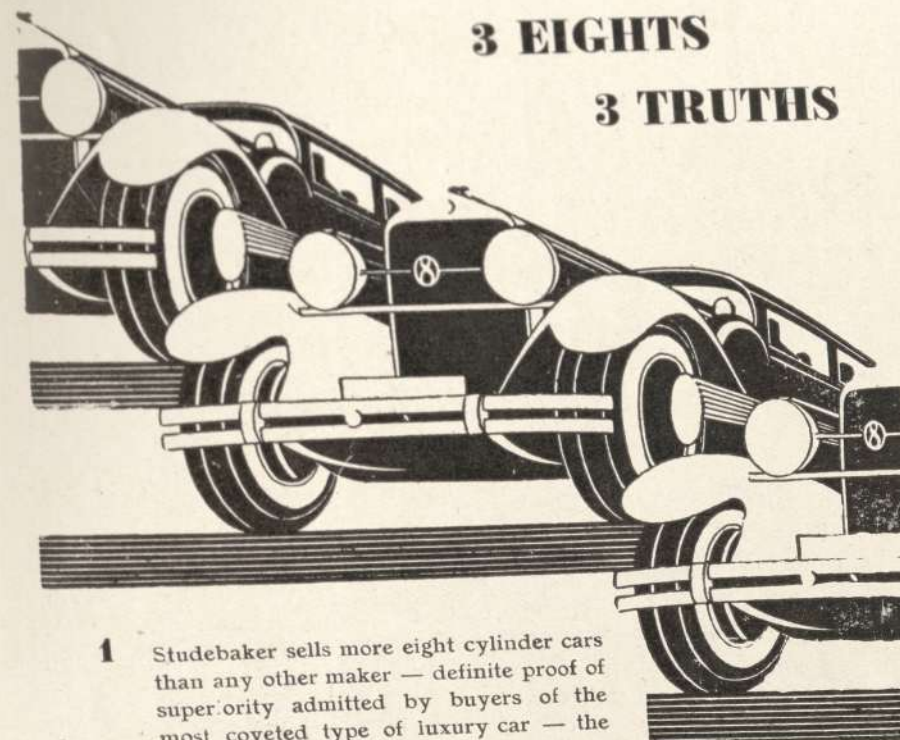


## *Gifts*

- To Dr. White: An electrified train between the College and the new campus.
- To Mr. Getchell: A collection of all the letters in the world.
- To Mr. Compton: A new source of work for the punished boys.
- To Mrs. Sewny: A new medicine to substitute for castor oil.
- To Miss Nollen: A ship of seeds for the College gardens.
- To Mrs. Brewster: A large picture of Mr. Brewster.
- To Mr. Deliyannides: A new society which uses only Catharevousa.
- To Mr. Alodjian: All the ancient Armenian books that were ever written.
- To Mr. Hadjikyriakos: One hour's time for his chapel talks.
- To Mr. Arukian: A book entitled "All the Mathematics Under the Sun".
- To Mr. Iatrides: A flexible Bible.
- To Mr. Gates: An air mail service between the College and the Girls' School.
- To Mr. Lamb: Some occasion for his French lectures.
- To Mr. Graves: A pair of rubber shoes while passing through the study-hall.
- To Mr. Newman: A box of Greek textbooks and a professor.
- To Mr. Hine: A machine for changing his tone of voice.
- To Mr. Vonder Muhll: A special weekly post from Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.
- To Mr. Pitsounis: The tennis championship in the school.
- To Mr. McGinness: The crown of an absolute monarch while he is in the study hall.
- To Mr. & Mrs. Parr: An aeroplane for their trips.
- To Mr. Markoghlou: An oke of smiles.
- To Mrs. Donaldson: Some quiet boys for her class.
- To Mr. Papastavrou: A house in America.
- To Mr. Maidanis: All the works of Aristotle in one volume.
- To the Girls of the Girls' School: A telephone communication between the College and their school.
- To the Sophomores: One oke of powder and half an oke of Crème Simon for toilet to be used in getting ready for the tea parties.

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## 3 TRUTHS



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To the Fourth Form: A publishing house.

To Dormitory No. I: New textbooks for their school of Apostles.

To Dormitory No. II: A new door.

To Dormitory No. III: Privilege of whispering after ten o'clock.

To Dormitory No. IV: A wagon of shoes for quarreling purposes.

To Dormitory No. V: Some new members.

To the Boys' Home: Twenty-two cradles.

T. M.

★★

## *King Midas and the Thieves*

Manoug Papazian, '34

(Winner of first Prize)

When King Midas found himself gifted with the golden touch, he became very rich. He was the richest man in the world. His palace was filled with beautiful and costly ornaments. There were many things of gold and silver; there were diamonds and other precious stones.

Two bold robbers heard of the King Midas riches. They set out to steal some of them from him. So one dark night they crept softly into the palace. They killed the guardian who stood by King Midas' bedroom, and walked in. They saw King Midas lying in a golden bed; the pillow and the sheets were all gold.

One of the thieves carefully took the key of the treasure room, which hung on the wall. They opened the door and began to gather all the precious things they could find; gold and silver plates, spoons, knives, rings, and jewels.

They tied these things up into a bundle. Just as they were stealing out of the palace, one of them spied the golden crown on which there were many precious diamonds which were glittering like bright stars. The first said:

"Let us take the crown, too."

But the crown was on a high shelf and they could not reach it. A happy thought came to them.

One of the thieves climbed on his friend's shoulder and

## ΤΟ ΖΥΘΕΣΤΙΑΤΟΡΙΟΝ ΟΛΥΜΠΟΣ-ΝΑΟΥΣΑ

ΕΠΙ ΤΗΣ ΛΕΩΦΟΡΟΥ ΝΙΚΗΣ ΑΡ. 5

Με διευθυντήν τόν κ. ΘΩΜΑΝ ΤΣΕΛΛΙΔΗΝ

Ἀντιπροσωπεύει τὸ τελειότερον καὶ συσ-  
τηματικώτερον, ἐφάμιλλον τῶν Εὐρωπαϊ-  
:: :: :: κῶν Ἑστιάτοριων :: :: ::

ΧΟΡΗΓΟΥΝΤΑΙ ΓΕΥΜΑΤΑ ΕΠΙ ΠΑΡΑΓΓΕΛΙΑ

Ἐντετυκτήριο τῶν ξένων Ὑποσελκίζει τὸν  
θαυμασμόν καὶ τὴν ἐκτίμησιν αὐτῶν.

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took the crown. But as soon as he got down they heard a noise.

"What is that?" whispered one of them.

"That's nothing. Get to work!" answered the other in a loud and angry voice. They made such an uproar that King Midas awoke. He got up but he could not walk, because he touched his pajamas and they turned to gold. They were very heavy.

At this time the thieves put the bundles on their backs. They saw King Midas standing by the bed. One of the thieves took his gun and was about to shoot when Midas said:

"Take everything that you want, but spare my life."

"But if we let you free, you will arrest us tomorrow and hang us by our necks on the tower."

On saying this, the bold thief attacked with a big sharp knife. But King Midas quickly touched the thief and he became a golden statue holding the big knife in his hand.

On seeing this, the other thief began to cry and escaped by the window.

In the morning, clever detectives took the thief by the collar and sent him to prison. The other thief who became a golden statue remained in the palace. When King Midas died, a war broke out and the enemy appropriated the city, killed the people, and set fire to the palace. After many centuries, no one knows just how many, some antiquarians found the golden statue in the earth.

Now you can see the golden statue holding a knife in his hand in the Louvre museum. But nobody knows that at one time it was a living thing.

★★

### *A Sophomore Meeting*

K. G. Khacherian, '30

President: Boys-I think you already know the purpose of our meeting.

Evmerides: Of course we do. We will settle the question of the party with the Girls' School!!

Khatchigian: What? Social meeting! With the Girls' School!

Adamichou: When shall we have the social meeting?

President: We will decide the date right now.

Stactopoulos: I move that we have the social as soon as

## G. HADJIS & SON

ART-CURIOSITIES-ANTIQUITIES

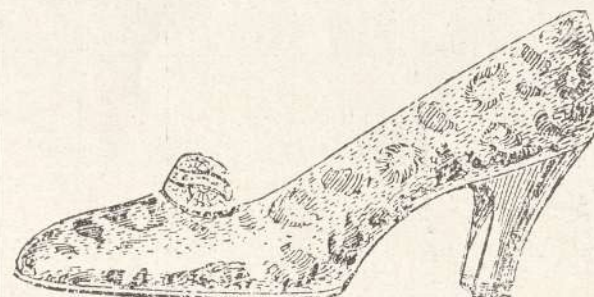
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possible; for example next Saturday, because we have no time to lose. We have decided to have at least a dozen or two socials this year.—

Evmerides: We—

Katchigian: We ought to. We are wise Somophomores.

President: All those in favor? (Motion carried).

Regas: Hurrah! ! !

Stactopoulos: I move that it start at 3 o'clock and stop whenever we wish...

Mardirossian: May I ask Mr. Goris what he means by "and stop whenever we wish?"

Stactopoulos (somewhat excited): Well, I just mean what I say. That is to say, if necessary the social may continue till 8:15 Monday morning.

Katchigian (whispers to Evmerides): What a good idea!

President: Now we want to decide the amount of money each student ought to pay in order to meet the expenses of that fortunate phenomenon.

Karadimou (thunderstruck): Who will pay the money, we, or the girls?

Nicolaides: Of course it is understood that we are going to pay.

Kokkinides (angry) No! I don't want to pay. I move that the girls pay the money.

Mounjis: Mr. President! it is useless to discuss with such types of tight-wads.

Farashopoulos: Now let us elect a student to carry the invitation.

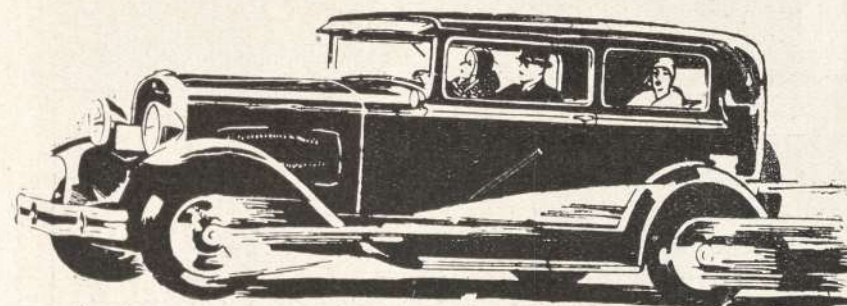
Dokian: Mr. President, I think it is useless to elect a student for that, because the girls will hear of our inviting them sooner than our classmates can present them with an invitation.

Demetriades: May I ask Mr. Donikian to make his statement a little clearer?

Donikian: I think there is nothing unintelligible in my statement. There are some of our classmates who will carry the news to the Girls' School without being asked to; and they spread the news within such a short time that we wonder at their efficiency!...

President: Nevertheless, we must elect a student to take the invitation.

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Harmuziades: I nominate Hadji Savvas.

Hadji Savvas: I decline.

Kokkinides: I second the motion.

Galenos: I think that Farashopoulos is the most suitable boy to carry the invitation to the Girl's School, because, primarily, he is anxious to perform that job; and secondly, other invitations which he has carried have been accepted. We can be sure this one will also have success.

(Farashopoulos is elected courier)

★ ★

### *The Olympian Meeting*

G. Stactopoulos, '30

It was a meeting of historical importance regarding the future progress of the Anatolian. The members of the staff, twelve in number, were gathered in Mr Lamb's small but hospitable room and were busy finding out the best arguments in persuading the boys to "buy" the Annual. An inspiration from



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**ΑΔΕΛΦΩΝ ΙΩΝΑ**

Οδός Ἁγίας Σοφίας 35

ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗ

Τιμαὶ ἀσυναγώνιστοι εἰς ὅλα τὰ  
Εἶδη

ΠΟΔΟΣΦΑΙΡΟΥ  
ΠΥΓΜΑΧΙΑΣ  
ΚΟΛΥΜΒΗΣΕΩΣ  
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TSIMISKI 26 — SALONICA



Olympus! It would not be a bad idea if I compare this meeting of ours with that of the Olympian Gods, since twelve were the Gods who participated in that on Olympus and twelve were the members of the staff. As for the subjects to be discussed, well, they did not have to do with the return of the miserable Odysseus, but anyhow, they were supposed to be of equal importance. The only objection to this is that we had no feminine member on the editorial staff. I suppose modern Greeks are more conservative than the ancients, otherwise it can not be explained why they keep away from the fair sex. The meeting however, was called to order by the "father of Gods and Men," Mr. Lamb. These are the "flying" words that "escaped from the fence of his teeth".

"You know, in order to sell the Anatolian, you must never use the word "buy" at all. Besides, you must write with everlasting ink in your inspired minds the arguments I am now going to give. As for the way you'll approach your prey, I think, we talked much about that in our previous meeting. I feel that



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that we have unanimously elected Saxaman as our commander. And we swear by your man-killing shadow that we'll give much obedience to his inspired commands."

"My blessing be upon you, while you go ahead. . . .

The next day, strict orders and instructions having been given to us by the commander-in-chief of the campaign, Mr. Saxaman, we began our peaceful battle. Although some whispered it, we did not find it necessary to declare military law.

"Good morning, Mr. Sampsonides. How do you do? How are you getting on with your lessons?"

"Oh! fine, what about you?"

"Well, I am in a very happy condition. In our semester examinations I did my best and was rewarded by an eight. You know what this means to me."

"Certainly I do. But you think I failed? I did better than you. Ten my dear, ten. . . . But what's that book that you



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hide so carefully under your arm? Oh! you sociologist! it must be sociology."

"As a matter of fact, it is a last year's Anatolian."

"I see, an Anatolian."

"Yes, and just now your friend Pontikides told me that you showed an interest in the new publication."

"It is true, I did."

"Well! Would you have any objection if I presented to you a souvenir that would remind you always of the beautiful school days, the interesting dormitory life, a book full . . ."

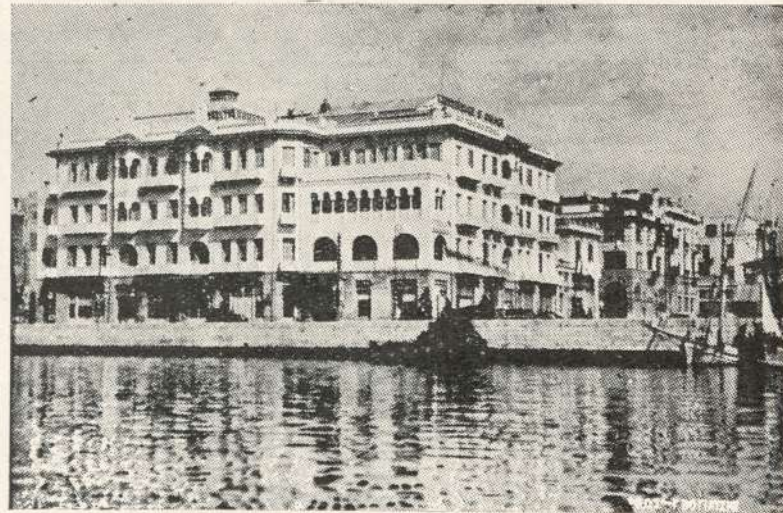
"I must be foolish if I deny it, but the question is that it will remind me of the day when Mr.—informed me to get out of the class."

"That's nothing, Johnny, it will show yourself breaking our school record in the 100 meter dash on that historical day, and the hour you secured that honoring ten, too. . . ."

"Yes, but last year the class pictures were not very good, the binding of the book was primitive, and you did not include my masterpiece in the Anatolian."

"You are perfectly right. . . . for last year; but for this year

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did they not tell you that we have engaged a professional city photographer to take the photos, and that the cuts are going to be the best Athens or Germany can produce? As for your masterpiece, you can rely on this year's staff. You know that we do our best in trying to satisfy every boy."

"I know this, and that is why I would like to see myself again in the new publication."

"Why don't you reserve your copy then?"

"How many drachmes does it cost?"

"You'll simply pay twenty drachs. now and the rest on receipt of the book."

"Write my name for a copy then. But, excuse me, just a minute more. What about the girls? Are we going to have them again in the book?"

"Certainly, with more interesting pages and photos."

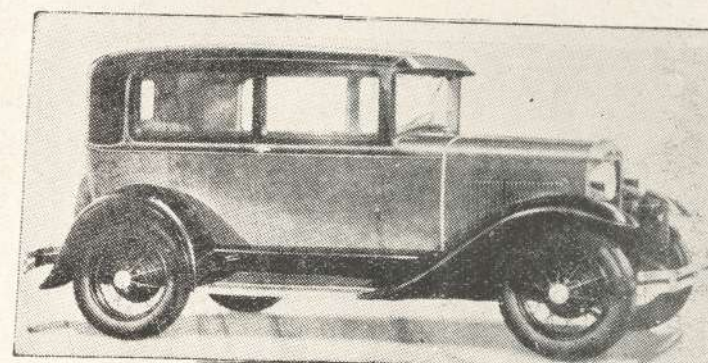
"Two copies then, please, two copies, write my name plainly."

"On this aspect I think that I express the unanimous desire of the staff, if I give my best thanks for the unseen and si-



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lent contribution which the beautiful girls of the sea shore school offered to us."

"Two copies please. . . ."

★★

### *A Practice*

H. Mesurlian, '32

"Jim, do you know that we are going to visit Aunt Mary today?"

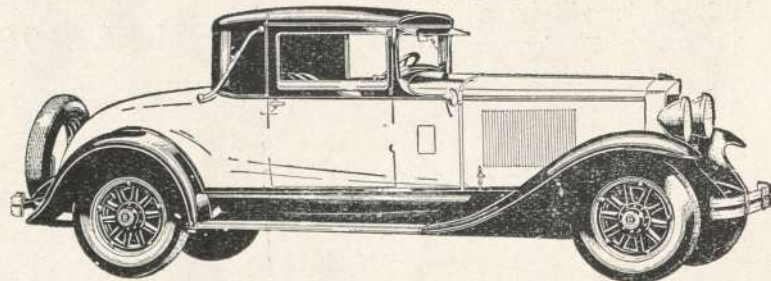
"What mother? Visit aunt Mary? Do you really mean that? Oh mother. . . . I have not seen her for these past fifteen days."

Jim was a boy of five years of age, with blue eyes, curly golden hair, two rosy cheeks, a very small nose, and short fat legs and arms.

"Y . . . yes, my boy," answered his mother, "I am going to take you with me on one condition, and that is that you are not going to act as you did on our last visit. You know what the trouble was. You did not drink your tea properly, causing me

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*Βιομηχανικά και Έμπορικά Έπιχειρήσεις*

ΟΔΟΣ ΤΣΙΜΙΣΚΗ ΑΡ. 27  
ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗ



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REPUBLIC 60



great anxiety. Now if you want me to take you to aunt Mary's, sit down and Sis will bring you a cup of water so that you may practice a little and drink your tea properly."

Jim sat down on a chair nearby, his mother brought him a cup full of water, and practice began.

He sipped the water as though drinking tea, to the accompaniment of remarks by his mother, such as, "Drink slowly --- little by little," and the practice ended to the satisfaction of his mother.

The very much desired afternoon arrived, and mother and son left the house and started for Aunt Mary's.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Jim and his mother were seated before a table and tea was brought in by the servant.

Jim took his cup and with a proud glance towards his mother took it to his mouth. But hardly had the cup touched his lips when there was a shrill cry from Jim; the tea cup fell from his hand and was broken into a thousand pieces.

Anger and anxiety could be plainly seen on the mother's face. But Jim, as though afraid of her, looked up for a moment and choked by tears, said, "But dear mother, can't you see



Διὰ τὴν ἀνεσὶν σας, διὰ τὴν ἀσφάλειάν σας, διὰ νὰ ἐλαττώσητε τὰ ἐξοδά σας εἰς τὸ ἐλάχιστον, μεταχειρισθῆτε τὸ ἐλαστικόν

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ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗ

46, ΟΔΟΣ ΤΣΙΜΙΣΚΗ

## ΟΙΚΟΣ Ε. ΠΑΣΒΑΝΤΗ

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ΤΜΗΜΑ ΜΟΥΣΙΚΩΝ: Πιάνα ὅλων τῶν ἀνεγνωρισμένων Γερμανικῶν ἐργοστασίων BECHESTEIN-IBACH-ZIMMERMANN-FEURICH-VOIGT κ.λ.π.

Μουσικά ὄργανα, Μουσικά τεμάχια, Ραδιόφωνα, Γραμμόφωνα, Δίσκοι

ΤΜΗΜΑ ΗΛΕΚΤΡΙΚΩΝ: Λαμπτήρες METALLUM-ORION, Ἀνεμιστήρες κ.λ.π.

ΤΜΗΜΑ ΓΡΑΦΟΜΗΧΑΝΩΝ: Γραφομηχαναὶ MERCEDES.

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Πληρωθεῖσαι Ζημίαι Λίρ. Ἀγγλ. 90.000.000

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any difference in practicing with cold water and drinking hot tea.?"

★★

### Passenger

Phaethon Saxamanoglou, '31

Once when I was going to Athens, the train was full of passengers. In the compartment where I was, there remained only one empty seat on which there was a box. Five minutes before the departure of the train, a tall, fat, but sober looking man came and asked for the empty place.

Then the man who was sitting near the box said, "This place belongs to my friend who went out to buy some candy." The poor man did not say anything, but with a disappointed eye stepped forward.

After a while the time of departure came, the bell rang, and the train set off . . . and no man came to sit in the place where the box was. Then the man who had asked for the place

## ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΟΝ ΖΑΧΑΡΟΠΛΑΣΤΕΙΟΝ Η "ΚΑΛΛΙΦΟΡΝΙΑ," ΖΩΓΙΟΠΟΥΛΟΣ Τσιμισκή 108-ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗ



Δοκιμάσατε τὰ κατ' ἐξοχὴν Ἀμερικανικὰ ὠραῖα βουτήματά μας μὲ ἀγνὰ βούτυρα Βερροῖας. Φοντὰν Ἀμερικανικοῦ συστήματος. Ὅλα τὰ εἶδη τῆς παραγωγῆς μας θὰ ἐνθουσιάσουν τὴν ἀξιότιμον πελατεία μας.

## ΕΛΑΣΤΙΚΑ ΓΚΟΥΝΤΓΙΑΡ

# GOOD YEAR

Τὰ ἐλαστικά ποῦ ἐμπνέουν ἐμπιστοσύνην καὶ ἐγγυῶνται ἀντοχήν.  
Εἰδικῶς κατασκευασμένα  
διὰ τοὺς δρόμους μας.

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came in, and immediately seized the box and threw it out of the window saying:

"It is a crime since he has lost the train to lose his box also."

★★

### *Can You Match This?*

By Emilia Theodoridou

One day we were eating our dinner when suddenly some one knocked at the door. I ran and opened it. The postman had brought a telegram saying that my aunt was coming that night. My father fond that the train was due at midnight, so we went to bed and slept until time for them to come.

Suddenly we heard a knocking at the door. We jumped out of bed, and I ran to kindle the lamp, but I couldn't find any matches. I went to the servant's room and found her sleeping happily.

"Mary, Mary" I called, "have you seen the matches?"

A sleepy voice answered, "Light the lamp and find them."

## ΧΡΥΣΟΧΟΕΙΟΝ ΠΑΖΟΛΙΔΟΥ & ΓΟΥΛΑ

ΚΟΣΜΗΜΑΤΑ ΤΕΧΝΗΣ  
ΒΕΝΙΖΕΛΟΥ =43= ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗ

(ΜΕΓΑΡΟΝ ΠΑΛΛΑΔΙΟΝ)

ΚΑΘΕ ΝΕΑ ΠΑΡΙΣΙΑΝΙΚΗ ΜΟΔΑ

ΕΥΡΙΣΚΕΤΑΙ ΕΙΣ ΤΑ ΚΑΤΑΣΤΗΜΑΤΑ  
ΜΕΝ. ΠΑΠΑΓΙΑΝΝΟΠΟΥΛΟΥ  
ΓΩΝΙΑ ΤΣΙΜΙΣΚΗ ΒΕΝΙΖΕΛΟΥ  
ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗ

## ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΠΙΛΟΠΟΙΤΑ Α. ΑΡΙΑΝΟΥΤΣΟΣ

ΕΔΡΑ ΕΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΣ

ΕΡΓΟΣΤΑΣΙΟΝ & ΚΑΤΑΣΤΗΜΑ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗΣ  
ΒΕΝΙΖΕΛΟΥ - ΤΣΙΜΙΣΚΗ

ΚΑΠΕΛΛΑ

Καστόρινα  
Βελούδινα

ΚΟΥΚΟΙ

Έφάμιλλοι  
των Ευρωπαϊκών

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Άνδρικά  
Παιδικά

Μαρινός κλπ. εις σχέδια καὶ ποιότητας Παναμάδες κλπ.

Χονδρική Πώλησις εις Τιμὰς Έργοστασίου

ΠΡΑΤΗΡΙΑ

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Σταδίου 57 Πειραιὲς Λεωφόρος Μιαούλη 48

BUREAU TECHNIQUE

NASTIS FYLLIZIS

INGENIEUR-CIVIL

RUE RONGOTI STOA IRIS

NIGOCHOS COUYOUMDJIAN

DENTAL SURGEON

SALONICA

ΕΓΝΑΤΙΑ 78 (OPPOSITE CARAN)



## What Others Can not See

II. Marshlian 130

In a social meeting: Tzitzinikas (a boy of twelve sitting among the girls) asks one, "Do you have small balls that you do not use? Can you give me some if I come to your school tomorrow?"

The girl goes to the leader and says, "Th...e...m...o...u... did we come here to play with children?"

A boy goes and whispers to the leader saying that if possible boys and girls should be paired off according to age.

..

In the Soph. dormitory: Khachigian gets up at four o'clock in the morning saying that he has a rendezvous with a girl. Another fellow gets up rubbing his eyes, "You can have a rendezvous only with your Algebra book."

The president of the Tennis Club: "Mr. Donikian, according to the rules of the Tennis Club you are not in good stand-

**ΡΑΦΕΙΟΝ "ΙΤΑΛΟ,,**  
**ΓΕΩΡ. ΤΡΙΑΝΤΑΦΥΛΛΙΔΟΥ**  
ΟΔΟΣ ΣΥΓΓΡΟΥ ΑΡΙΘ. 25  
ΕΝΑΝΤΙ ΞΕΝΟΔΟΧΕΙΟΥ "ΜΗΤΡΟΠΟΛΙΣ,,

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ΛΕΩΦ. ΝΙΚΗΣ ΑΡ. 3

**ΕΜΠΟΡΟΡΑΦΕΙΟΝ ΤΑΣΟΥ ΦΑΤΛΕ**  
Διασταύρωσις 'Εγνατίας Βενιζέλου



**ΙΩΑΝΝΗΣ Γ. ΡΟΥΣΗΣ**

**ΕΜΠΟΡΟΣ**

**8 ΟΔΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΟΥΣ 8**

Μέγαρον Μπιλίρη-Αλεξιάδη



ΤΣΙΜΕΝΤΑ ΡΩΣΣΙΚΑ μάρκας «*Προλετάρ*»  
ΤΣΙΜΕΝΤΑ ΒΕΟCΙΝ «*Ελέφας*» και «*Σπесиάλ*»  
ΤΣΙΜΕΝΤΑ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗΣ ΒΙΟΜΗΧΑΝΙΑΣ  
ΣΙΔΗΡΑ ΜΠΕΤΟΝ ΑΡΜΕ

και όλων των διαστάσεων  
ΛΑΜΑΡΙΝΕΣ μαύρες και γαλβανιζέ, ίσιες και αύλακωτες  
ΑΣΒΕΣΤΟΣ κονιοποιημένη του εν Βόλφ εργοστασίου  
"ΑΣΒΕΣΤΟΣ,,

ΘΗΡΑΤΙΚΗ ΓΗ: "Αλευρον θηραϊκής  
γής δι' έργα ΜΠΕΤΟΝ και πάσης άλλης φύσεως έργα με τιμέντο

**Ζίγκος, Καρφοδελόνκι 'Υελο-  
πίνακες, Κρύσταλλα, πλακάκια  
κόκκινα και λευκά κ. λ. π. κ. λ. π.**





ing." Mr. Donikian: That's true because I am too busy this year with my magazine, Aurora. You see, Mr. President, how difficult it is to run a magazine alone. I am sure that Aurora will be continued by the student body next year. And I think that it will be continued for many years, being the only literary magazine."

A boy: "Oh what a great fame . . . . ."

A second one: "Then your name will be remembered and pass on from generation to generation as the founder of the Saturday Evening Post (Benjamin Franklin) He . . . He . . ."

Another fellow comes in brushing his teeth and says, "Mr. Donikian, shall we cooperate in publishing this Aurora? Or shall we offer you any help?"

Mr. Donikian: "The only help I want from you is just to subscribe to my Aurora, to my magazine."

A fourth fellow: "Is it your magazine?"

Mr. Donikian: "Of course it is my magazine!"

"Then God bless you with your Aurora."

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# BENZINAI ΟΡΥΚΤΕΛΑΙΑ ΛΙΠΗ

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ΤΟΥ ΣΗΜΑΤΟΣ ODEON



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ΑΜΠΡΑΒΑΝΕΛ & ΜΠΕΝΒΕΝΙΣΤΕ

Όδ. Βενιζέλου 26

Βασ. Ήρακλείου 13

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